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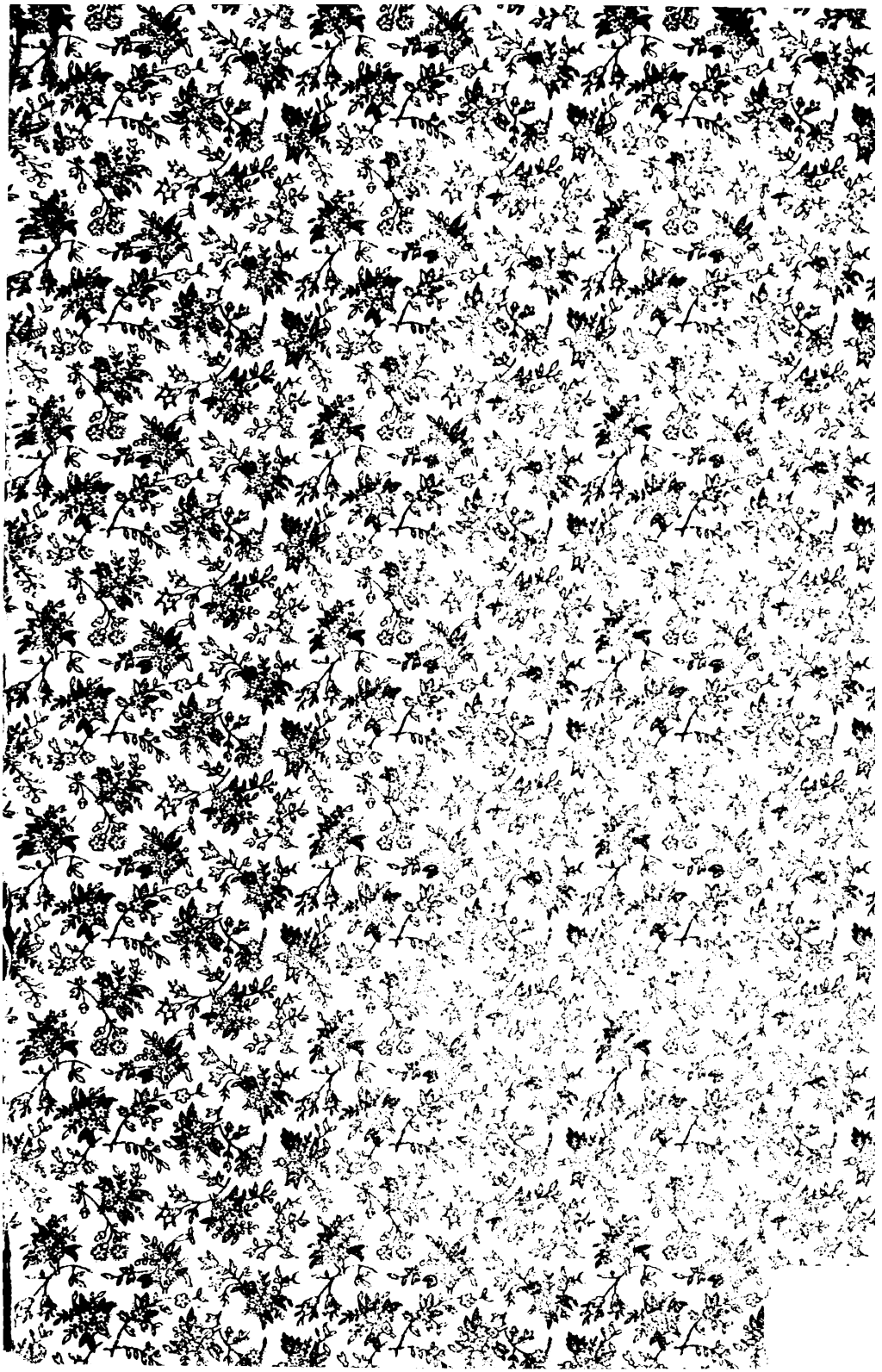

Tillotson

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BYGONE MIDDLESEX.

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY. *(By Hogarth.)*

Bygone - -

Middlesex -

Edited by

William Andrews.

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Preface.

MIDDLESEX is rich in historical associations, and several writers who have made a special study of the county have assisted me in producing this volume. I hope it will find favour with the reader, and prove a welcome addition to works relating to the county.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

THE HULL PRESS,
October 20th, 1898.

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Bygone Middlesex.

Historic Middlesex.

By Thomas Frost.

BEFORE the invasion of England by Julius Cæsar, an event which is the starting-point of authentic English history, the county of Middlesex formed, with Essex, the territory of a Celtic tribe called the Trinobantes. These joined the tribes south of the Thames in the movement to repel the invasion, and it may have been owing to the resistance met with by the Romans in the thickly-wooded country between the Thames and the South Downs, and the obstacle presented by the marshes on the south side of the river, that Cæsar crossed into the territory of the Trinobantes at the place known as Coway Stakes, near the present bridge at Walton. Here the natives were drawn up in great force, under Cassivelaunus, king of the Trinobantes, to oppose his passage, and had

obstructed the ford by driving long pointed stakes into the river-bed and along the bank. These defences proved unavailing. The Roman cavalry leading the way, and being well supported by the infantry, the army of Cassivelaunus was defeated and forced to retire. Traces of a Roman camp having been found on Greenfield Common, near Laleham, it has been supposed that Cæsar rested there before marching northward. The Trinobantes were the first of the British tribes to submit to the invaders, and their subjugation was followed by that of the whole of the country.

When the Iceni revolted against the Roman domination, the Trinobantes joined them on their march southward; and it is at this time that we find, in the annals of Tacitus, the first mention of London, called by the Britons Llyn Din, and by the Romans Londinium. Suetonius Paulinus marched from the west on hearing of this movement, and formed a camp between Highbury and Battle Bridge; but withdrew from it on the approach of the Britons, who had destroyed Camulodunum and Verulamium —Colchester and St Alban's—on their way southward. London, being thus left unprotected,

was plundered and burned by the avenging horde led by Boadicea, and every Roman who fell into their hands was ruthlessly slain. It recovered from this disaster in later times, and under Severus is described as "a great and wealthy city." Tacitus mentions it as "celebrated for the vast number of merchants who resorted to it, for its widely extended commerce, and for the abundance of every species of commodity which it could supply."

The territory of the Trinobantes, with a small portion of Hertfordshire, in the south-eastern corner of that county, afterwards formed the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Essex, or East Saxony, which was founded by Ercenwin in 527. Under the treaty of Wedmore it became Danish territory, but in the division of the kingdom between Edmund and Canute it was included in the portion assigned to the former. Seven years before this time, however, we learn from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle that a Danish army, after burning Oxford, crossed the Thames, without stopping on the way to plunder, in order to avoid an English army that was marching from London to oppose them. In 1016, the year of the division of the kingdom, a body of

Danes, retreating from London, was attacked by Edmund at Brentford, defeated with great slaughter, and pursued in confusion across the Thames.

In the disturbed reign of John, one of the tournaments then so frequently held, to serve, as they also did in the following reign, as occasions for the gathering together of the disaffected nobles, was held at Hounslow, having been adjourned from Stanford. In 1263, when the barons again armed their retainers to resist the encroachments of Henry III. on the liberties conceded by the great Charter, they formed a camp in Isleworth park; and Holinshed relates that, in the following year, a great gathering of the citizens of London and their workmen moved tumultuously upon Isleworth, and attacked the manor-house, which belonged to the king's brother, the Earl of Cornwall, doing great damage to the mansion and the garden. In 1267 the Earl of Gloucester assembled a force on Hounslow Heath, in opposition to the Crown, but retired on the approach of the royal army; and afterwards, through jealousy of the influence of the Earl of Leicester, the great Simon de Montfort, in

the councils of the barons, went over to the king.

In the reign of Richard II. the suburbs of London on the north were visited by a large body—according to Holinshed, numbering twenty thousand—of the insurgent serfs of Essex and Kent, who were led against the city by the redoubtable tiler of Dartford, commonly known as Wat Tyler. They were led beyond the city by the captain of the Essex men, a peasant who had taken, or been given, the name of Jack Straw. They burned the priory of St John and the prior's house at Highbury, after which they drew off to await the issue of the conference between Wat Tyler and the king. The result was an eloquent commentary on the warning—"Put not your trust in princes." The insurgents accepted the promises of Richard, and were either hanged or massacred in their flight from the king's vengeance after the murder of their leader. Jack Straw was hanged and his corpse exposed on a gibbet. His name was preserved to modern times in the inn called Jack Straw's Castle.

The history of the county during the reigns of the later Angevin and Tudor sovereigns is

identical with that of the kingdom. It was very little disturbed by the "War of the Roses," though the battle of Barnet, so disastrous to the usurping Lancastrian branch of the Plantagenets was fought only a few miles over its boundary. The tragedy of the last years of Lady Jane Dudley commenced with her reluctant acceptance of the crown at Syon House, and ended with her execution on Tower Hill. In 1603, the first of the reign of James I., a conference of bishops and Puritan clergymen was held at Hampton Court for the purpose of revising the Bible and modifying the liturgy of the Church, the king acting as moderator, a position for which his High Church principles rendered him unfit. He had been met, on his way to London, by a body of Puritans, who formed the strongest and most numerous section of the House of Commons, bearing a document which they called the Millenary Petition, and which stated that a thousand ministers were "groaning under a common burden of human rites and ceremonies." Hence the conference at Hampton Court, which, however, was very much a sham; for the king had discussed the whole matter before the meeting with the leading prelates of the High Church

party, and settled with them what should be done.

Middlesex was not so fortunate in the civil war between the Crown and the Parliament as the county had been in its almost complete immunity from "excursions and alarums" during the dynastic struggle of the fifteenth century. Charles I. raised his standard at Nottingham on the 22nd of August, 1642, and the battle of Brentford was fought on the 12th of November in the same year. The battle of Edgehill had been lost by the king three weeks before, and the fact that it had been nearly won by the brilliant charge of Prince Rupert's cavalry before the issue was reversed by the higher military qualities of Cromwell may have inspirited each side to make the best show for itself in an engagement which could not be of much real importance. Brentford was held for the Parliament by a small force, the commander of which had constructed barricades at the west end of the town, where he had also placed two small cannons. The royalists were received with a sharp musketry fire, in addition to that of the two guns, but they pressed on, and on their artillery coming up the defenders abandoned the position, leaving their guns, having

lost thirty or forty of their number in the fight, besides four hundred taken prisoners. A narrator of the action who had fought on the king's side states that about two hundred more were drowned in attempting to swim the river, but this is probably an exaggerated estimate, as the Brent is not deep at that point.

The defeated Parliamentarians retired to Hammersmith, and on the following day six hundred of them came up the river, with some small ordnance, in fourteen barges, all of which were sunk or captured by the royalists. The latter then retired from the town, towards which a strong Parliamentary force was advancing from London. The king's troops entrenched themselves on Hounslow Heath, and the Parliamentary force which the Earl of Essex had collected was joined by the trained bands of the city of London. Prince Rupert, as we find related in a contemporary pamphlet, "having traversed the county of Middlesex, encamped his army on Turnham Green, and a battle took place there on the same day on which the conflict occurred at Brentford, on which occasion eight hundred of the Cavaliers were found dead on the Green after the Prince retired to enclosed

grounds on the right." On this same green at Turnham Sir William Waller mustered his troops in the following year.

In 1645 a conference was held at Uxbridge between commissioners appointed by the king and the Parliament respectively, with a view to such an adjustment as might be possible of the constitutional questions that were at issue between them. The house in which they assembled was situated at the west end of the town, and belonged to a family named Carr. The sittings of the commissioners extended over a month, but the king's extravagant views of the royal prerogative, on the one hand, and the strong feeling of the Parliament against episcopacy, combined with their determination to maintain the constitutional powers of the House of Commons, on the other, rendered any satisfactory adjustment of differences impracticable. Neither side would yield on the chief points at issue, and the commissioners separated without having arrived at any basis of agreement.

In 1647 a Parliamentary force of twenty thousand men, cavalry and infantry, with a train of artillery, under the command of Sir Thomas Fairfax, encamped on Hounslow

Heath, where a review was held, at which the Speaker and several prominent members of the House of Commons were present. The king was a prisoner at this time in the palace of Hampton Court, but his adherents still kept the field, and several skirmishes took place between them and the Parliamentarian forces encamped on Hounslow Heath. The head quarters of Fairfax were at first at Isleworth, but later, when the royal forces had entirely disappeared from the county, they were transferred to Uxbridge. In November the king made his escape from Hampton Court, still hoping to re-establish the throne on his own theory of government, if not by force of arms, by his unlimited powers of duplicity and trickery, which eventually brought his cause to ruin and himself to the scaffold.

In 1660, when the power of Richard Cromwell was tottering, and General Monk was advancing to London from the north, with a large army, his purpose known only to himself, all Middlesex, in common with the nation in general, awaited its disclosure in a quiver of excitement. Monk drew up his forces on Finchley Common, and entered into communications with the exiled

Stuarts for the restoration of the monarchy. A great revulsion took place in the public mind, and, if the Stuarts had not, as has been said of the Bourbons, "learned nothing and forgotten nothing," the change might not have been for the worse. The bells of all the churches in Middlesex rang joyously to welcome them on their return, and Macaulay says that "night after night, the sky for five miles round London was reddened by innumerable bonfires."

In 1686, when the true meaning of the restoration of the Stuarts was being realised, James II. formed a military encampment on Hounslow Heath of thirteen thousand men, officered by "gentlemen of the king's religion," for the purpose of overawing the Londoners. It does not appear to have had that effect. On the contrary it became such a favourite resort that it resembled an immense fair. "Mingled," says Macaulay, "with the musketeers and dragoons, a multitude of fine ladies and gentlemen from Soho Square, sharpers from Whitefriars, invalids in sedans, monks in hoods and gowns, lacqueys in rich liveries, pedlers, orange girls, mischievous apprentices, and gaping clowns, were constantly passing and repassing through the long lanes of

tents. In truth, the place was merely a gay suburb of the capital."

In 1688 James visited the camp, every soldier in which was in less than six months afterwards arrayed against him. He was there when a mounted messenger brought to Hounslow the news of the acquittal of the seven Bishops. He left at once for London, and was no sooner out of the camp than a tremendous shout arose, voiced from every tent and camp-fire. "What is that?" the king asked. "It is the army shouting for joy at the acquittal of the Bishops," he was told. That shout was the tocsin of the Stuarts' downfall.

This was the last occasion on which extra-metropolitan Middlesex was the scene of any prominent event in the national history. It was on Finchley Common, however, that the army was assembled with which the Duke of Cumberland marched, in 1745, to the battle-field on which was extinguished the last hopes of the Stuarts. The occasion was made by Hogarth the subject of one of his well-known pictures, which so admirably portray the manners and the humour of the period. Again in 1780 several regiments were encamped on the same ground,

in order that they might be in readiness to act, if required, for the suppression of the riots fomented by the bigotry and intolerance of Lord George Gordon and the Protestant Association.

A Royal Chase.

By W. R. Willis.

THE diarist Evelyn records under date June 2nd, 1676: "I went with my Lord Chamberlaine to see a garden at Enfield towne; thence to Mr Secretary Coventry's lodge in the Chase. It is a very pretty place, the house commodious, the gardens handsome, and our entertainment very free, there being none but my Lord and myself. That which I most wondered at was, that in the compass of twenty-five miles, yet within fourteen of London, there is not a house, barne, church or building, besides three lodges. To this lodge are three great ponds and some few enclosures, the rest a solitarie desert, yet stor'd with no less than three thousand deere. These are pretty retreats for gentlemen, especially for those who are studious and lovers of privacy."

This extract from Evelyn's Diary was the source from which Lord Macaulay derived the information on which he based his description

of Enfield Chase in the brilliant sketch he gives of the condition of Mediæval England in his history, where he says:

"At Enfield, hardly out of sight of the smoke of the capital, was a region of five-and-twenty miles in circumference, which contained only three houses and scarcely any enclosed fields. Deer, as free as in an American forest, wandered there by thousands."

It is of course obvious that in this description no account is taken of the cottages of the foresters and others, of which there must have been a good many for looking after the forest and the woodlands.

Enfield Chase, of which only a portion known as Hadley Woods and Hadley Common, and the Rough Lot in Trent Park, now remains, was a royal hunting-ground and originally formed a portion of the great forest of Middlesex which stretched from the near neighbourhood of London on the southern border, in a south-westerly direction from the Forest of Essex at Waltham, skirting the southern boundary of Hertfordshire, to the great woodland tracts of Bucks and Berks. It was included in the manor of Enfield, which was granted to the Mandevilles, Earls of Essex,

and from them passed to the Bohuns. In Henry IV.'s reign it was attached to the Duchy of Lancaster, and since that time has remained a portion of that Duchy. In ancient documents it was usually referred to as the Outer Park or *Parcus Extrinsecus*, and this definition embraced the whole tract of primeval forest which gave retreat to herds of wild deer, as well as other animals of the chase. At its greatest length from Potter's Bar on the north, where it adjoined the Hertfordshire boundary, to Winchmore Hill on the south, it was between six and seven miles, while the breadth from Hadley and Barnet on the west to Edmonton on the east would be about five miles. Owing to various enclosures on different occasions the dimensions were found to vary; these enclosures went on unrestrained and accounted for the discrepancy in the estimates and measurements made on subsequent occasions. In 1650, Parliament, desirous of raising money, proposed to sell the Chase, and a survey was made for the purpose. It was returned then as containing 7,900 acres, of which 4,742 were of oak timber (exclusive of 2,500 trees marked for the Government), and these were estimated as worth £2,100.

Hornbeam and other woods were valued at £12,000, and £150 was returned as the value of the deer. This survey was asserted by a memorial of the Enfield inhabitants to estimate the Chase at 3000 acres less than a prior survey, and they explained this reduction as due to the unchecked encroachments which had gone on continuously. The various holdings in the Chase and the lodges had been let out chiefly to soldiers and officers who had served in the Civil Wars. The inhabitants of the locality and the tenants of the manor claimed rights of common. The assertion of these rights led to frequent collisions between the commoners and the occupiers of the lodges, and so serious had these conflicts become that in the year 1686 Parliament determined to hold an enquiry into the matter. The timber too appears to have been cut down very ruthlessly, for although at the end of the sixteenth century the Chase was abundantly stocked with deer, most of the trees had gone. This depredation of the timber was attributed to the Parliament's soldiers, who appear to have found this disafforestation a profitable undertaking. By 1700 nearly a thousand acres of trees had disappeared, as a survey made in

that year shows that the Chase was then estimated to contain 3947 acres of wood, consisting for the most part of oak, beech, and some ash, many of the trees being thirty feet high.

In the year 1777 an Act was passed for disafforesting the Chase and dividing it among those individuals and communities who claimed the right of common. A new survey was undertaken and once again the figures appeared different. Including roads and lodges the estimated area of the Chase was 8349 acres, 1 rood and 30 perches. Of this total 3218 acres were allotted to the king, 313 acres went with the lodges, 700 acres to individuals, 1732 acres to the parish of Enfield, 1231 to Edmonton, 1026 to South Mimms, and 240 acres to Hadley. The deer were taken to Lord Bute's palatial estate, Luton Hoo, in Bedfordshire.

With a public spirit which did them infinite credit, the parishioners of Hadley decided to leave their portion of the Chase unenclosed, with the result that to-day there is a small tract of real forest within ten miles of the Metropolis, unspoiled by any attempts at artificial landscape gardening or scientific arbori-

culture. A rolling sward for some half mile in front of the ancient church leads to the edge of the wild woodland which extends for two more miles or so right up to Cock Fosters, intersected by the main line of the Great Northern Railway, but otherwise not marred by any of the vandalising concomitants of modern civilisation. Under the care of Commissioners who have a keen appreciation of their responsibility as custodians of this lovely retreat, the Hadley Woods are administered for the benefit of the public. Here indeed can be realised the Miltonic description of the arboreal wilds where the lady was lost whom *Comus* undertook to conduct to a safe retreat:

> . . . "Each lane and every alley green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
> And every bosky bourne."

Some notion of the state of preservation of this ancient forest may be gathered from the fact that in the year 1801, Robinson records, that "it was possible to travel from Hadley Church through Enfield Chase, Epping, and Hainault Forests to Wanstead without ever leaving the green turf or losing sight of forest land." No other part survives to tell of the glories of this once famous

Chase except the green glades, hollow dales, and abundant brushwood and nobler trees of Hadley Woods, and in a lesser degree the Rough Lot in Trent Park, East Barnet, which is approached by a footpath from Hadley Woods. But while the primitive character of these woods has been so successfully maintained, it would seem that until recent years the primitive condition of the highways also existed with all the attendant discomforts to locomotion. An interesting instance of this is given in Ford's "Enfield":

"Such was the state of these roads within the last fifty years (this was written in 1848) that the late Lady Elizabeth Palk, who resided at the Rectory, was accustomed, when she intended calling upon Mrs Elphinstone of East Lodge, to send out men two or three days in advance, to fill the ruts with faggots to enable her carriage to pass."

It does not require a very vivid imagination to picture a few of the animated scenes which were witnessed what time his Majesty and the Court were wont to hunt the deer or the wild boar. Elaborate preparations were frequent, and we have an account of some of these in the household books of Theobalds, the ancient residence

of James I., and in various other documents. Passing over the times when the hunt was a more serious matter and required much skill in woodcraft, we find that Queen Elizabeth derived much amusement from participation in the Chase at Enfield. During her imprisonment on parole at Hatfield Palace, where Sir Thomas Pope made a lenient and genial keeper, in April, 1557, she paid a visit to Elsynge Hall, the manor house of Enfield. She was accompanied, Nicholas Norden, in his "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," tells us, with "a retinue of twelve ladies in white satin, on ambling palfries, and twenty yeomen in green on horseback, that Her Grace might hunt the hart. On entering the Chase she was met by fifty archers in scarlet, with yellow caps, armed with gilded bows, one of whom presented her with a silver-headed arrow, winged with peacock's feathers." The Queen appears to have been a frequent visitor to Enfield, and in 1596, when she was staying at Theobalds she "came to Enfield House to dinner, and she had the toils set up in the park to shoot at the deer after dinner."

James I. was greatly addicted to this royal sport, and it is said that much of his preference

for his palace at Theobalds—for which, it will be remembered, he exchanged the palatial pile at Hatfield—was due to its contiguity to Enfield Chase. Many were the excursions in which he engaged for "the hunting of the hart." A trusted servant of the King's, Sir Robert Wroth, who died in 1614, occupied Durants, a country house in the Chase, and his Royal Master frequently made this house one of his hunting lodges, a circumstance alluded to in Ben Jonson's "Forest," iii.:

> "Or, if thou list the night in watch to break,
> Abed canst hear the loud stag speak,
> In spring, oft rousèd for thy Master's sport,
> Who for it makes thy House his Court."

So great were the attractions of Enfield Chase for James I. that he enclosed five hundred acres of it and added them to his domain of Theobalds. Enfield Chase naturally figures in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 16, from which, however, I forbear to quote.

Memories of the Chase still linger in the names of the old houses of the district. There were three Lodges for the head keepers, East, West and South Lodge, at the last named of which the great Earl of Chatham resided for a

time. The boundaries and entrances of the ancient forest are retained by such place names as Northaw, Cattle Gates, Stock Gate, South Gate, Potter's Bar and others.

The office of Keeper of the Chase appears to have been fairly remunerative, as we find among the accounts of Parliament in the time of the Commonwealth "fee as keeper of Enfield Park and other profits, £1052 1s. 8d. paid to the Earl of Salisbury, who has various fees and interest therein and the custody of the Parks."

Such a vast domain, associated as it was with the Battle of Barnet, fought on Gladsmuir Heath on the western confines of the Chase, very naturally lends itself to romance and legend. On the road from Hadley Church to the railway is a mighty oak which is enclosed by iron railings and is several centuries old. It was on this "gaunt and leafless tree" that the wizard Friar Bungay hanged his hated rival, the luckless mathematician and philosopher, Adam Warner, while at its foot lay the corpse of his daughter Sybil, and the shattered fragments of the Eureka. Tradition has been busy with the locality, and a fine old elm on Hadley Common was, at anyrate until recently, pointed out as

"Latimer's Elm," being said to be the veritable tree 'neath whose shade the great Reformer preached. Hadley Church retains its ancient beacon, the fire of which served to guide travellers to Hadley and the West through Enfield Chase by night. Some leading light would be absolutely necessary in those days as it would even now be a very easy matter, should one stray from the footpath at night, to lose oneself in the umbrageous depths of Hadley Wood.

Other grim stories, besides those connected with Friar Bungay and his incantations and tragedies, cluster around the ancient Chase. Trent Park contains the mysterious Camlet Moat, which has given birth to several legends, each of them sufficiently uncanny to be appropriate to the weird surroundings of the place. One story relates that the ruffian highwayman Dick Turpin made it a rendezvous, and some colour is lent to this tradition from the fact that Turpin's grandfather, one Nott, kept the Rose and Crown, by the brook at Clay Hill. It is said, too, that Turpin retired here when the Bow Street runners were seeking him for the murder of a keeper in Epping

Forest. Another tale, less circumstantial and more grim than the former, relates that there is a deep well in the N.E. corner of the area, paved at the bottom, in which it is pretended that an iron chest full of treasure is concealed, and that this chest cannot be drawn up above a certain height. This is sufficiently mysterious in itself, but an element of tragedy is added when the remainder of the story is told. One of its owners, to whom the whole Chase belonged, was attainted of treason or some other capital offence. A fugitive from justice he hid himself in the hollow of a tree and sinking into the well he perished miserably.

Readers of Sir Walter Scott will remember that the novelist has located the murder of Lord Dalgarno, in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, in one of the glades which approach Camlet Moat, the scenery of this romantic spot being faithfully portrayed.

It is greatly to be desired that the public spirit which has so far preserved the only remaining piece of this once primeval forest may be continued. May no encroachments ever be allowed to reduce the area of this magnificent common and woodland; nor may

any of its wild beauties be toned down or renewed entirely in any misguided attempt to modernise the woods or "lay them out."

In conclusion the writer desires to acknowledge his indebtedness for particulars as to surveys and like information to the Rev. Daniel Lyson's "Environs of London," which, though long since out of print, contains much useful and interesting information respecting the historic town of Enfield and the venerable forest to which it gave its name.

Some Middlesex Monasteries.

By S. W. Kershaw, F.S.A.

THOUGH mediæval London was rich indeed in monastic buildings, the County of which it was the capital was not so amply endowed.

The once splendid home of the Carthusians (surviving in the Charterhouse), the Austin Friars, the Templars, and several other religious bodies within the City precincts, would make volumes in themselves, and I purpose only to notice the less known remains in the County, which are a somewhat forgotten page, and therefore more worthy of remark, in a work on "Bygone" times. Unlike historic Kent, whose many roads led to the continent, and were traversed by countless bands of pilgrims and others to and from London and the coast, Middlesex hardly claims so great a place in local annals.

It may be when the religious revival which began after William the Conqueror's foreign rule had been exchanged for English government that the new spirit penetrated more to London than

the counties. J. R. Green, in his history of the English people, says, "The City was proud of its religion, its thirteen conventual, and more than one hundred parochial churches, in the midst of London, Bishop Richard busied himself with the vast Cathedral church of St Paul. Barges came up the river with stone from Caen for the great arches, that moved the popular wonder, while street and lane were being levelled for its famous Churchyard." This occurred towards the end of the twelfth century; possibly so much building zeal in London drew off at that time the work from more distant places, and thus we find a smaller number of noted remains in Middlesex than in other counties. The examples there are, however, of exceptional interest, in the Priories, tithe-barns, and other houses, some of which were attached to religious communities abroad, and thus of two-fold importance.

The annals of any conventual building, elucidate some side-light of history or art, and Middlesex is no exception to the rule, and of its bygone shrines we may well say,

> "I do love these ancient ruins.
> We never tread upon them, but we set
> Our foot upon some reverend history."

In some of its remains, we get a fuller acquaintance with the Knights Hospitallers, who bore so great a part in the wars of the Crusades, and a clearer insight into the working of a community—both as to the culture of lands which the noted monastery at Sion possessed far and wide and as regards the arts of needlework and embroidery—so long famous in the middle ages. When this house was suppressed, its history, linked with our Kings and Queens, still flowed on, and its later ownership by the Duke of Northumberland has placed it among the "Stately homes of England." Moor Hall, in Harefield, and Harmondsworth, near Uxbridge, may well claim our first notice, for their special and somewhat exceptional interest. To the former was annexed a "camera" or small dependency of the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem, whose head house was at St John's, Clerkenwell, the first of that order in England.

These "camera" were a small establishment and attached to them sometimes was a "Preceptory" or "Commandery." The picturesque old house at Harefield contains a fine fifteenth century timber roof, and a detached chapel, long used as a barn. Certain of the brethren were

settled here, chiefly to manage the estate, and the building partook of the character of a moated grange, traces of which still exist.

Attached to the house was the dove-cot, or "columbarium," a source of much profit to the rent-roll of the estates. There was another "camera" at Hampton, in Middlesex—in some places we find the prefix "Temple," which claims some association with the Knights Templars. Thus we have Temple Ewell near Dover, Temple Combe Somerset, and Temple Bruern. At Swingfield, in Kent, a preceptory exists, with the remains of a chapel, and Bisham Abbey, Berks, also belonged to this Order, which had much power and influence, though they owed allegiance to a foreign master. The number of houses of the Hospitallers in England was small, while in France the opposite was the case; in both countries they farmed and amassed money for the general good of the community. The revival of the work of the Knights Hospitallers under modern conditions, viz., the care of the sick and wounded, by the Ambulance department, bespeaks its benevolent aims. In 1888, the Prince of Wales was formally installed Prior of the Order of St John of Jerusalem—the cere-

mony taking place at the ancient St John's Gate, Clerkenwell, the only remains of that once famous Priory. Many literary incidents are herewith connected, for in 1731 Cave the printer started the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which bore on its cover a view of this gateway, and here Dr Johnson toiled for a long time at literary work. Of Edward Cave, Dr Johnson once said, "He was a generous paymaster, but in bargaining for poetry, he contracted for lines by the hundred, and expected the *long* hundred."

An account of the Knights Hospitallers, taken from the public library at Valetta, is given in the "Camden" society's publications for 1857. Another interesting fragment of old was the Priory of Harmondsworth, near Uxbridge, of the Benedictine order and a cell of the Abbey of the Holy Trinity at Rouen. It consists of a tithe-barn, with fine timber work of the fourteenth century—the size is so vast, and condition so good, that there are few buildings in England more worth a visit. Tithe-barns existed at Glastonbury, Wells, and Peterboro'—and in the Abbey barn, ornaments of sacred story were sometimes introduced in the carvings, as the evangelistic and other symbols; their con-

struction is also somewhat identical with our early churches, having low and narrow aisles.

Pilgrimages in old times were not uncommon and that to our "Lady of Wilsdon" was as popular with Londoners as the famous shrine of Walsingham in Norfolk. The great reverence paid to the Willesden image brought down the ire of the reforming party, who in 1538 were censured by the Bishops for insufficiently adoring it! At the suppression of the monasteries it was destroyed. Pilgrim signs were used in journeying to these spots, not only to identify the devotee, but to ensure his safety in those troublous times. Several examples were preserved at the Guildhall and British Museums; they were usually made of lead, and sometimes worn as brooches.* The great forest north of London, through which ran the Roman road from St Alban's, would seem to have had its wayside chapels, for Kilburn Priory, built by the Benedictines in the reign of Henry the Second, had its community, whose duties were to attend to the relief of travellers on this road, and it may also have served as a protection

* For an elaborate treatise on old London signs, the reader is referred to a recent work on the subject by Philip Norman, F.S.A.

ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.

in passing through the dense woods around. The church of the Priory would also be a place of worship; its memory now exists only in the name of "Priory Road."

In Middlesex as in other counties, we find mention of "hermitages," and the church of Hadley, according to Newcourt,* was at first but a chapel to a hermitage, within the park or "Chase" of Enfield. References are also found which point to some monastic cell on the outskirts of the great Middlesex forest, and an illustrated copy of Lyson's "Environs" at the Guildhall Library has a drawing of Hadley Priory. In name only, and not far from Stanmore, is Bentley Priory, not the religious house of old, but its successor—a huge mansion, in or near the site of the former building. Bentley seems to have been given to Henry VIII. by Cranmer in exchange for other lands; in later years, the house was the residence of Queen Adelaide. Another priory, called that of the "Holy Angels in Marshland," near Brentford, is supposed to have been near Isleworth, and has been called

* "Repertorium Ecclesiasticum."

the friary hospital and fraternity of the Nine orders.

The connection of names with places is seen in that of "Friern Barnet," part of the possessions of the Priory of St John of Jerusalem, the word "friern" clearly having a reference to Friars, or frères. Another instance occurs in the Vicarage of Ruislip, which was appropriated to Okeburne Priory in Wilts, and the Abbot and Convent of Bec, to which Okeburne was a "cell," were patrons of Ruislip.

At Uxbridge, mention is made of a monastery connected with St Margaret's Chapel. The truth of this seems to rest on slender grounds, and at Hounslow a priory, dedicated to the Trinity, was founded, and is spoken of by Cobbett in his "History of the Reformation."

The crowning glory of Middlesex was Sion monastery, so called from Mount Sion in Jerusalem, dedicated to St Bridget and founded by Henry V. in 1414, who also established the neighbouring house of Shene in Surrey. Around Sion, however, we have a long history from its origin to its dissolution and subsequent fame as a home for Royalty until rebuilt, as the abode of the Dukes of Northumberland.

At the advice of Archbishop Chichele, Henry V. founded Sion; it had lands over great parts of England, and the farmers who had to transact business with the recluses of Isleworth would bring them news from far north of the combats at Towton, Barnet, and Wakefield, so that its inmates were informed of whatever was passing.

The seal of the community had for its representation The Virgin seated, holding the infant Jesus, a lily and sceptre in her right hand, below the Royal founder, kneeling in prayer.

After the dissolution, Sion was granted by Edward the VI. to the Duke of Somerset. In Queen Mary's reign it was converted again into a nunnery, but dissolved by Elizabeth, and some of the nuns went abroad to Portugal and carried the keys with them.

When a late Duke of Northumberland visited a Lisbon convent and presented the nuns with a silver model of the lost keys, "We still hold the keys," said the Abbess; "I dare say," said the Duke, "but we have altered the locks since then!" Sion stood at the head of the convents of London for its wealth, learning, and piety, and one Richard Whitford, a monk of Sion, and afterwards chaplain to Bishop Fox of

Winchester, was the author of several devotional books, one of which was the "Martiloge," and a rare volume called the "Mirror of our Lady," printed in 1500, belonged to the ladies of this convent. Another work called the "Witch of Syon," printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1528, was a valuable treatise on monasticism, with the rules of Sion, which are also to be found among the Arundel MSS. in the British Museum.

Our national annals are entwined around this house, for here was the prison of Katherine Howard in 1541, and Lady Jane Grey occupied Sion when the Crown was offered her, and she left hence on her last journey to the Tower, along the river highway.

The Princess Elizabeth was also a royal captive, and the children of Charles the First were lodged here, thence summoned to St James's Palace, to their last interview with the King, who was often at Sion after his favourite hunting in Richmond Park.

The buildings which had been saved from the monastic ruins were very scanty and renewed by James the First; his architect was Inigo Jones, against whose adaptation of the classic style then

fashionable the popular rhymists were very trenchant.

> "'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin
> Like fustian heretofore on satin."

The house, as it now stands, was entirely remodelled by the famous architect, Adam, one of the noted brothers who designed the Adelphi, London. His work at Sion was praised by Horace Walpole, who said, "I have been this evening to Syon, which is being made another Mount Palatine; Adam has displayed great taste." The lion which once stood on the front of Northumberland House, Strand, was removed some years ago, and placed on the present façade of Sion House. During the great plague of 1665, the business of the State was done here, and John Evelyn writes: "To Sion, where his Majesty sat at Council, during the contagion." One of the many historical names linked with Sion was Dorothy Sidney, the celebrated "Saccharissa" sung of by the poet Waller; she was born here while her grandfather was a prisoner in the Tower.

The inmates of Sion, like other religious orders, were noted for their embroidery and church work, and the fame of the "Syon Cope"

entitles it to some longer account. Remarkable for its preservation and as an example of what is called "English work," so sought after in the middle ages, this artistic relic was both heraldic and ornamental.

Shields and devices, mingled with emblematic figures, birds and symbolic animals were grouped together in this art-woven wonder, further enriched with gold and silver threads, and many coloured silks. The history of this cope centres round one Thomas Graunt, one of the earliest friends of Syon, and an official in the ecclesiastical courts. He is recorded as the giver to their convent of several rarities, and among them this cope. It is possible it may have been worked for him by one of the religious guilds whose custom was to bestow some rare vestment upon an advocate who had befriended their cause. After the suppression, this cope went with the nuns of Sion to the convent at Lisbon, whence some sixty years ago it was conveyed back to England and now forms one of the treasures at the South Kensington Museum.

Decorative art was also much employed on Bibles and rare books, whose covers with silk and gold threads, were wrought in intricate

patterns and variety. On every article of use and apparel in the middle ages the same skill was lavished,—table-covers, saddle-cloths, hangings and coverlets were rich with elaborate designs, interspersed with scenes from sacred and allegorical lore.

Though the *reproduction* of art-work is one of the features of this age, there are examples in which the subtle grace and form of the old cannot be imitated.

> "'Mid all the light a happier day has brought
> We work not yet as our forefathers wrought."

Of the County of Middlesex it may still be said as in years past, "It abounds in all that is interesting to the antiquary, and at the same time valuable for historical illustration."

Fulham Palace and Church.

By C. H. Bellamy, F.R.G.S.

THE Bishopric of London has always been fortunate in its possession of residences for the occupants of the See. Bishop Porteus about 1808 wrote a little pamphlet,—now become so rare that only the one copy treasured in the British Museum appears to be in existence,—entitled, "A Brief Accompt of Three Favourite Country Residences," the residences being those at Hunton, Fulham and Tundridge. Of these the Manor of Fulham has belonged to the See for more than a thousand years, ever since Bishop Tyrhtel of Hereford gave the property to the great and sainted Saxon Bishop Erkenwald, about the year 691. But for hundreds of years it was only the country residence of the bishops, Fulham even in the last century being, as a writer in 1769 says, "a village four miles from London, seated on the side of the Thames;" and it was generally known as the "Bishop's Manor House." The earliest palace

of the bishops of London was in the precincts of St Paul's Cathedral, which it closely adjoined on the north-west. Here, in the very heart of London, the bishop had a stately mansion, with gardens extending eastward as far as the great cloister of the cathedral, better known as Pardon Church Yard; to Paternoster Row on the north; and to Ave Maria Lane on the west. In the present name of London House Yard we find a connection with the ancient site. That in these gardens there grew fruit trees, is evidenced by the note made by one writer, that in 1329 a fruiterer who was gathering nuts fell from one of the trees and was killed.

This old palace was the scene of many interesting occurrences. Here Bishop Fitzjames entertained Henry VIII. at a magnificent banquet; the massive gold chains worn by the nobles calling forth from the Venetian ambassador,—who was a guest,—the remark that they might have served "for fetters for felon's ankles, and sufficed for their safe custody so heavy were they." The ill-fated Katherine of Aragon passed from the palace to the cathedral for her luckless marriage to Henry the Seventh's son, Arthur, Prince of Wales. A

most magnificent and sumptuous pageant, the principal personages being this bride of eighteen and younger bridegroom of but fifteen years.

About the middle of the sixteenth century the bishops of London removed from the cathedral precincts, and later on, from about 1662 to 1771 they lived at London House, Aldersgate Street, and then at London House, St James's Square. As a result of these changes Fulham Manor House became Fulham Palace, the official residence of the bishops of London.

It is with feelings of no ordinary interest that the visitor wends his way along the noble approach and avenue of stately elms, and traverses the demesne of the Manor House, which has descended from bishop to bishop through the long centuries from the great Saxon bishop, a possession which has had but one slight break in its continuity, having in the disturbed period of the Commonwealth been sold to Colonel Edmund Harvey.

The grounds, which are about forty acres in extent, constitute the great charm of the place, as the palace is not of much architectural beauty. Successive prelates have bestowed great care on these grounds, none more so

than Bishop Compton, who enriched them with a great variety of rare trees, which it is said he had had brought specially from North America. The late Bishop of Colchester in his interesting filial memoir of his father, Bishop Blomfield, writes, "the house so spacious, yet so thoroughly comfortable and domestic, the gardens half hidden on the margin of the Thames, with its spreading lawn of soft and level turf, shadowed with choice shrubs and goodly trees, the avenue of ancient elms, the circling moat guarding the whole from intrusions, all these, within a few miles of the metropolis, give to the palace at Fulham a charm peculiarly its own, so close upon the restless world, yet itself

'A haunt of ancient peace.'"

Bishop Grindal is reputed to have been an excellent botanist, and to have been the first to introduce the tamarisk tree into this country.

It is difficult to resist the temptation to go through the galaxy of brilliant names of those who have occupied the chair of this ancient see, for whilst gazing on the series of portraits with which the library and dining-room are enriched, many memories rush into the mind.

There is stout old Bishop Aylmer, who was maliciously and falsely accused of unduly cutting down the great elms, because he had refused to give twenty timber trees to his accuser—one Litchfield, a court musician. The false charge gave rise to a bad pun, it being said that instead of having Elmar for his name, he ought to have Mar-Elm, for that he had marred the elms of Fulham. It was the same brave old man, who, to encourage Elizabeth to consent to have a tooth drawn, which was racking her with pain, and causing her sleepless nights, submitted in the royal presence to the loss of one of his few remaining teeth, in order to convince her that the pain of extraction was but little. The experiment had the desired effect, although Strype the historian, who relates the story, heartlessly suggests that the tooth the bishop lost may have been a decayed one.

In the middle of the fourteenth century, Simon Sudbury became Bishop of London. He had spent many years in the Papal Court at Avignon, had been domestic chaplain to the Pope, and rose to the distinction of being of the Rota. He seems to have had lenient feelings towards the Wycliffites, who were begin-

ning to be obnoxious, but although he became Archbishop of Canterbury, it was as Chancellor that he incurred the hatred of an insurgent rabble, who beheaded him on Tower Hill.

He was succeeded in the bishopric by a prelate of a very different character, William de Courtenay, a churchman of the loftiest and boldest views, and of the most inflexible temper. He strongly resented any invasion of the episcopal privileges, still more any rebellion against the dominant doctrines of the Church. He was one of the prelates before whom Wycliffe was summoned to answer at St Paul's for opinions deserving ecclesiastical censure. During the great insurrection in which his predecessor Sudbury perished, St Paul's and her bishop were alike unmolested. While the Temple, the Duke of Lancaster's splendid palace in the Savoy, and the magnificent house of the Knights Hospitallers in Clerkenwell, were in flames, the Cathedral stood secure; the bishop, either in his palace of London, or in the more remote and quiet Fulham, remained undisturbed.

Very few holders of the episcopate of London have held it for lengthy periods, it has often

been a stepping-stone to higher preferment, generally to the Primacy; but in the troublous and disastrous times of the civil war of the Roses, John Kemp held it for what appears to be the greatest length of time,—thirty-nine years. We hardly know whether he was Yorkist or Lancastrian, for he seems to have lived aloof in quiet at Fulham, mourning in Christian sorrow over crimes and miseries which he had no power to prevent; and in prudent regard for his own safety and dignity, declining to commit himself openly to either cause.

After Kemp no name of great importance occurs until we come to John Stokesley, who was consecrated on the 27th of November 1530. He is described by the chronicler as a man "of great wit and learning, but of little discretion and humanity, which caused him to be out of favour with the common people." It is on account of his religious persecutions that he principally enjoys notoriety. Two Lollards were burned by him, he put to death in the same way fourteen Anabaptists, of whom five were women, and pursued with relentless rigour some of the citizens of London for heresy. One of these cases was closely connected with

Fulham. It was that of James Bainham, who, frightened by the cold and stern demeanour of the Bishop, recanted, only on the succeeding day to recant his recantation. He was taken to the Bishop of London's coal-cellar at Fulham, the favourite episcopal prison chamber. There he was ironed, put in the stocks, and left for many days in the chill March weather. Bainham, after repeated whippings, was burned in Smithfield.

Stokesley's successor, Edmund Bonner, has left behind him an unenviable reputation. If Stokesley chastised the so-called heretics with whips, Bonner chastised them with scorpions. In the short reign of Edward VI. he was deprived of his office, and Ridley put in his place, whilst he was imprisoned in the Marshalsea. But when on Mary's accession he was released, his native brutality, exasperated by his degradation and confinement, ran riot to an excess which shocked even his own party, and numbers suffered martyrdom during the dark days of the Marian persecution through his instrumentality. Foxe, the martyrologist, alleges that the scene of one of his brutalities was in the garden of Fulham Palace,

and that the Bishop himself actually took part in the scourging of Thomas Hinshawe, a young man of nineteen or twenty, a 'prentice in St Paul's Churchyard. In the edition of Foxe printed in 1461, there is a woodcut showing Bonner holding a birch rod in either hand, and using the one in his left hand with considerable vigour on the bare back of the prostrate lad. At Elizabeth's accession he was again deprived of the see.

At Bonner's first deprivation his place was filled by "good Master Ridley," who afterwards with Latimer, lighted "such a candle, as by God's grace, in England, shall never be put out." There are some pleasing anecdotes of the courtesy and amenity of his domestic life. The relations of Bishop Bonner, his mother and sister, continued to reside at Fulham, and were constant and welcome guests at Ridley's hospitable table. The place of honour was always reserved for "our mother Bonner." Foxe gives us a delightful picture of Ridley's home life, how he was in the habit of reading daily to his household at prayers, and "hiring them with money to learn by heart certain principal chapters, but especially Acts

xiii." The pious, studious life which Ridley loved amidst "the tranquility of ancient trees" seems to befit the quiet of Fulham gardens, and contrasts only too vividly with the cruel tortures through which he passed to his reward. Whilst Bonner degraded to its lowest depths the office of bishop, Ridley, by his quiet, unostentatious piety and sincerity, elevated it to its true position. Such a noble life has attracted many writers, but there are few biographies more quaint, graphic and deeply interesting than Fuller's account of Ridley.

The portraits of their two immediate successors are in the palace; Grindal, whose botanical tastes have already been referred to, and Sandys. Then came quaint old John Aylmer, to be succeeded by Richard Fletcher, who as Dean of Peterborough had endeavoured to force his insolent and unwelcome ministrations on Mary, Queen of Scots, before her execution at Fotheringay; and who alone uttered the stern "Amen" to the Earl of Kent's imprecation (it was hardly less), "So perish all the Queen's enemies." He was rewarded successively with the Bishoprics of Bristol, Winchester and London; but he in-

curred the displeasure of the Virgin Queen by marrying a widow, he being a widower. Although he made the most humble submission, his offence was inexpiable, and he was never recalled to Court, although it is said that somewhat later the Queen condescended to visit him at Chelsea, not at Fulham.

For about seven years the see was occupied by Richard Bancroft, "the chief overseer of the last translation of the Bible."

The bishops of London during the reign of James I. were mostly men unknown to posterity. Bancroft's successor, Vaughan, is described by Fuller with more than his usual quaintness, as being "a very corpulent man but spiritually-minded." Then after Ravis came George Abbot, who only rested in London a few months on his way to the Primacy at Canterbury. His later years were clouded by a melancholy accident by which he killed with a barbed arrow a keeper of Lord Zouch's, whilst hunting in his lordship's park.

John King, in 1611, was appointed his successor by King James, who in his small wit called him "the King of preachers." True it is he was renowned for "a most excellent volubility of

speech." His portrait, now in the dining-room at Fulham, gives an impression of placid dignity. He was the last of the English bishops who put in force the statute for the burning of heretics.

After King came Montaigne, to be followed by "the martyred Laud," who frequently refers to peaceful Fulham in his diary. On his promotion to Canterbury, Laud, all powerful in the Church, advanced to the See of London, William Juxon, a man singularly unlike himself; for Juxon was not a man of learning, but blameless, unworldly, unambitious. Very unwillingly he became High Treasurer, but at the first opportunity eagerly withdrew from the proud but perilous office. He retired to quiet Fulham, where he was allowed to live in peace and in respect. This is the last instance in which any of the great offices of state have been filled by an ecclesiastic. "It was not the least part of this prelate's honour," says Fuller, "that among the worthy bishops of our land, King Charles the First selected him for his confessor at his martyrdom." He was permitted to stand by his master to offer his ministrations on the scaffold at Whitehall, obnoxious to none, passionately loved by the loyal for his act of fidelity. It was to Juxon that the King delivered the mysterious

charge "Remember!" After the dreadful scene he retired to his peaceful retreat at Fulham, where he lived unmolested, to the credit of his own virtue and prudence, until disturbed by the ordinance for the sale of bishops' lands, when the house and grounds passed into the possession of Colonel Harvey.

The Restoration came, and with it Juxon's restoration to the see. On his promotion to that goal of so many London bishops, the archiepiscopal throne of Canterbury, he was succeeded by Gilbert Sheldon, like Laud, a magnificent prelate, as witness the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford.

The remaining occupants of the bishopric of St Paul's may be briefly referred to in the words of the late Bishop of Colchester, in describing the series of portraits which adorn Fulham Palace. After referring to "Ridley the Martyr; Sandys and Grindal; the ambitious Laud; Juxon the friend of Charles I.;" he goes on to speak of "Compton, who had adorned the palace gardens with those rare and stately trees; the statesman Robinson; the learned Gibson; the divines Sherlock and Lowth; the mild and amiable Porteus, who loved Fulham so well, and thanked God the evening

before his death that he had been suffered to return thither to die; Howley and Blomfield."

Since this description was written, this important historical series has been enriched by excellent portraits of succeeding bishops, Tait and Temple, and also quite recently one of the present bishop, Dr Mandell Creighton.

The palace can be approached by three ways. If from the river and Putney Bridge, we pass along a broad causeway between the moat and the Thames, known as the Bishop's Walk, and whilst it still belongs to the See, it is used as an open space and park by the inhabitants of the district, being kept in order by the Fulham Parish Vestry. If we approach from Fulham, we pass along the noble avenue of stately elms, till we arrive at the lodge. The third entrance is by a narrow drawbridge from the churchyard, which adjoins the palace grounds, but this entrance is only used by the inmates of the palace. Passing the lodge we come to an arched doorway, with massive doors of wood, leading into a spacious quadrangle. Immediately opposite is the great entrance into the palace proper. This is in the clock tower, which is battlemented and is surmounted by a belfry and vane. As practically

the whole of the buildings are of brick, there is little room for architectural display, but this tower and the arches referred to, with another gateway leading into the kitchen-garden, are pleasing illustrations of what beautiful effects may be accomplished with such unpromising materials. Both this latter gateway and the quadrangle are of the time of Henry VII., having been built by Bishop Fitzjames. The portion of the building at the southern angle, now used by the butler, and the laundry, are of the same period, indeed there is no portion of the building which can claim a greater antiquity. Two of these rooms still retain their linen panelling, and the bishop's arms are on an incised slab in the wall, a few feet above the doorway.

In the centre of the quadrangle is a fountain, which at one time played naturally, but the water was diverted when some deep artesian wells were sunk for breweries in the vicinity.

Dr. Simpson, to whom we are indebted for much valuable information concerning the palace, tells us there are evidences and also records that, large as the palace still is, it was at one time considerably more extensive. Bishop Robinson in 1715 obtained authority to pull down many old

and ruinous buildings, which was done after Sir John Vanbrugh and Sir Christopher Wren had surveyed the old buildings, and reported that even if these were demolished, there would remain at least fifty or sixty rooms at the disposal of the bishop. As no engravings appear to have been preserved of these old buildings, we do not know what beautiful and interesting relics of a bygone era were thus wiped out.

The garden front of the palace is not at all interesting,—it was remodelled and rearranged during the occupancy of Bishop Howley. Faulkner in his "Fulham," published in 1812, gives a view showing that this façade then had two projecting towers at the angles, a recessed front, with a large bow window in the centre, the whole battlemented.

Entering the palace by the main entrance we find on our left the ancient hall, now restored to its proper use, its dimensions being about fifty feet by twenty-seven feet. Its windows are filled with stained glass bearing the arms of many of the bishops of London, which is said to have been removed from the bishop's house in Aldersgate Street, as also was the oak wainscot.

Another interesting apartment is the Porteus library. It was not built by this prelate, but is so-called because he bequeathed to the bishops of the diocese his valuable collection of books, chiefly on theological and abstruse subjects. "There wants nothing," he says, "but a good library to render it a complete episcopal mansion. I had once an intention of building one, and had a plan actually drawn for it, which will be found among my papers. But I feel myself now too old for such an undertaking: I must, therefore, leave it to my successor, and perhaps shall bequeath to it my books to form part of its contents." It was in this way that good Beilby Porteus, a man of deep erudition and considerable ability, laid the foundation of the present valuable collection.

The palace being within such an easy distance of London has naturally had many visits from royalty. Norden says that Henry III. often lay at Fulham Palace, Bishop Bancroft entertained Elizabeth; and James I. on his coronation visited the same prelate. Charles I. and his Queen were received here by Bishop Montaigne. Less welcome visitors occasionally came, as in 1141 during the war between King

Stephen and the Empress Maud, when Geoffrey de Mandeville, the King's general, came to Fulham and seized Robert de Sigillo, Bishop of London, then lodging in his own manor-place. The bishop was forced to purchase his liberty with a great ransom. So says Bishop Porteus.

The name Fulham was originally Fullonham, from two Saxon words signifying "the habitation of fowls." An appropriate name, for even now as then its rich clusters of trees are a great attraction to the feathered songsters of the grove.

Adjoining the palace grounds on the south-east is the parish church of All Saints. There was formerly a Rectory of Fulham, which was a sinecure in the gift of the Bishop of London, and the Rector appointed the Vicar. The Rectory has now been abolished, and the Vicarage is in the patronage of the Bishop of London.

All Saints, Fulham, and St Mary, Putney, are sister churches, and present a very pleasing effect, standing one at either end of Putney Bridge. Their towers are singularly alike.

Seen from the Bishop's Walk, Fulham Church

is a conspicuous object. It is in the decorated English style. The picturesque stone tower probably dates from the fourteenth century, though it has been considerably repaired in later times. It is ninety-five feet high, and is ornamented with battlements, and with a turret at the south-west angle, upon which is placed a flagstaff. It has a peal of ten bells. Some of them have curious inscriptions. On the sixth is written, "John Ruddle cast us all," on the tenth,

"I to the Church the living call,
And to the grave I summons all."

The interior of the church is particularly interesting, containing numerous monuments, many of them worthy of attention. The body of the church was rebuilt in 1881 in the perpendicular style by Sir A. Blomfield, during the episcopacy of Bishop Jackson. It is large and lofty, and includes two aisles, separated from the nave by clustered columns and pointed arches; and two transepts. The font is of coloured marble, surmounted by a carved oak cover, and bears this inscription :—

"This Font was erected at the charge of Thos. Hyll,
Church-warden, 1622."

The earlier registers are lost, the remaining ones commence at 1679, but a large register-book of benefactions, neatly written on vellum, begins at 1622.

There are monuments to three of the bishops, and memorial windows to three others within the church, but more are commemorated in the churchyard by their actual tombs.

Of those within the church, two are found in the tower: Edmund Gibson (1723-1748), who was buried in the churchyard, and Bishop Porteus (1787-1809), who was interred at Sundridge, in Kent. A large black slab on the floor of the north aisle, at the west end, commemorates Humphrey Henchman, twelve years Bishop of London, who died in 1675. The east window is in memory of Bishop Blomfield, one of the windows in the south wall is in memory of Bishop Jackson, and that at the west end of the south aisle is to the memory of Archbishop Tait, Bishop of London from 1856 to 1868, and Catherine his wife. There is another bishop's monument, but he was Bishop of Bristol, by name Christopher Wilson. His connection with this church was through having married Anne, daughter of Bishop

Gibson, whose monument has just been mentioned. He was buried in his father-in-law's tomb.

In the porch at the north-west is a rather remarkable marble tablet, encircled by a broad frame of wood very finely carved, and bears this inscription:

> "Here lyes buried Elizabeth Limpany, daughter
> "of Robert and Isabel Limpany, who dyed
> "October 10th, 1694, and in the third year
> "of her age."

This Robert Limpany was a member of the Stationers' Company and died at the advanced age of ninety-four in April, 1735. It is stated of him that "he was sixty years a considerable merchant, yet never arrested any person. He owned a great part of the town of Fulham, to which he was a great benefactor; and so generous that if any of his tenants pleaded poverty, he forgave their arrears. By his will he ordered all the parishioners to be invited to his funeral."

Henry the Eighth's chief physician, Sir William Butts, has a monument within the tower. He died a little before his royal master on November 22nd, 1545. Shakespeare introduces Sir William

into his play of "Henry VIII." His altar tomb with his figure in brass has perished, but a slab, however, remains on which is engraved a Latin epitaph.

One of the oldest monuments in the church is a lozenge-shaped brass attached to the south-east wall of the nave which displays at the top a half-length female figure, and at the bottom a coat of arms; between the figure and the arms is a Latin inscription which states that this is a memorial of Margaret Svanders, a native of Ghent, wife of Gerard Hornebolt, also a native of Ghent, and a very distinguished painter, and that she died on November 26th, 1529.

Other monuments commemorate Margaret, daughter of Sir Gilbert Gerrard, Master of the Rolls, and wife of Sir Peter Legh, of Lyme, Cheshire; Sir Thomas Smith, Latin Secretary, Clerk of the Council, and Master of the Requests to James I.; John, Viscount Mordaunt, a distinguished cavalier, and father of the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, who died at Peterborough House at Parson's Green, close to Fulham; Catherine Elizabeth, Viscountess Ranelagh, who died in 1805; Jeffrey Ekin, Dean of Carlisle, and many others.

But the churchyard is even more interesting than the church. Here to the east of the church is a notable array of dignified Episcopal tombs. Here sleep Henry Compton, the stout prelate who signed the invitation to the Prince of Orange, and rode with drawn sword in front of the Princess Anne; John Robinson, the skilful diplomatist, who was plenipotentiary at Utrecht; the learned Edmund Gibson; Thomas Sherlock, the famous preacher; Thomas Hayter, whose brief episcopate of three months terminated on January 9th, 1762, and in whom Churchill says "mankind lost a friend"; Richard Terrick; the elegant scholar, Robert Lowth, and John Randolph. The most imposing of these tombs are those of Bishop Lowth and Bishop Sherlock. The practice of interment outside the church which thus prevailed among the bishops was originated by Compton, who, with a wisdom beyond that of most of his contemporaries, declared that the church was for the living, the churchyard for the dead, and therefore directed that his remains should be buried in the churchyard.

The grave of Theodore Hook is right in the midst of the bishops. He died at his

residence, Egmont Villas, Fulham, August 24th, 1841.

A new cemetery has been provided on the north-west to give additional burying ground, and here rest side by side Bishop Blomfield and Bishop Jackson.

Thus have so many of these busy London bishops sought in Fulham Palace a quiet retreat, a house where wearied bodies and exhausted brains might find rest and refreshment, and found in Fulham church and churchyard a haven of greater peace and quiet, where

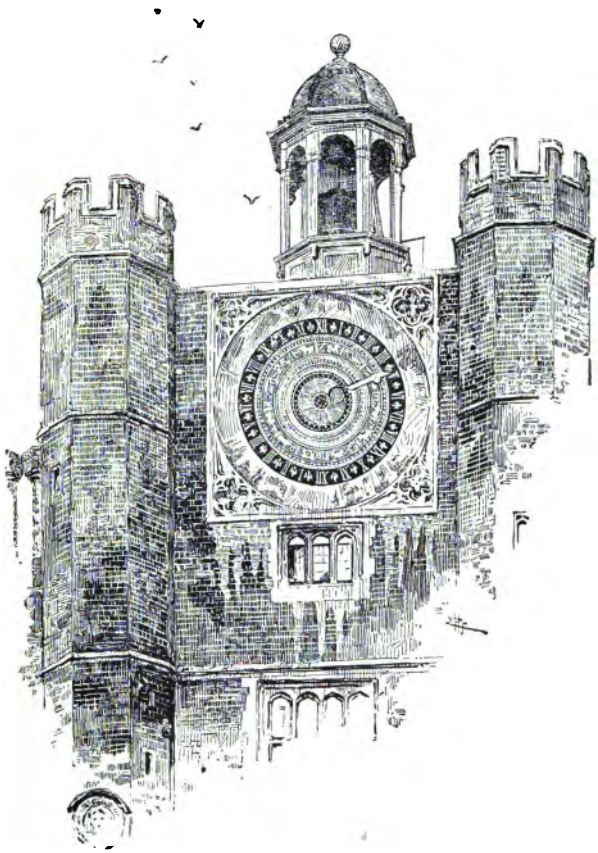
> "The wicked cease from troubling
> And the weary are at rest."

Hampton Court Palace.

By Rev. Geo. S. Tyack, B.A.

THE associations of the Manor of Hampton have for many ages been partly ecclesiastical and partly royal. In the early part of the thirteenth century it became the property of the Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St John, and they erected a Preceptory here, of which, however, no vestiges are now known to remain; and Elizabeth of York spent some time in the manor house of Hampton in 1503, some few years after she had become the Queen of Henry VII. The real history of the place nevertheless begins in the following reign.

In the year 1514 Thomas Wolsey had attained almost to the summit of his power and influence. Every year brought to him some addition of dignity, or some increase of wealth. In 1508 he was Dean of Lincoln; in 1509 he became the King's almoner; in 1510 the rectory of Torrington was added to his benefices; in 1511 he was



CLOCK TOWER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

appointed Canon of Windsor, and registrar of the Order of the Garter; in 1512 Prebendary of York; in 1513 Dean of the same Cathedral and Bishop of Tournay in France; and in 1514 Bishop of Lincoln, and later in the same year Archbishop of York. In addition to these posts he held several continental benefices, farmed the revenues of the sees of Hereford and Worcester (then held by foreign ecclesiastics), and held *in commendam* the Abbey of St Alban's and the see of Bath. Two years more saw him reach his highest dignity. In 1515 he was made Cardinal and Chancellor of England; and 1516 legate *à latere.*

The state of the coming Cardinal was already passing beyond the bounds suitable for a subject. His enormous wealth and growing influence enabled him to keep about him a court that rivalled that of the King. His household consisted of from five hundred to eight hundred persons, including fifteen knights and forty squires. The Earl of Derby and Lord Henry Percy were numbered in his train, and many others were scions of noble houses. Besides his many manor houses and country residences on the estates of his benefices, Wolsey had now two London

palaces, one in Fleet Street, and the other York House, now Whitehall, the town house of the northern primacy. But great though the splendour was in which he maintained these, neither afforded him sufficiently ample opportunity for his ambitious ideals; and he therefore began to build a palace, on no meagre scale, for himself.

In the summer of 1514 he leased from the Prior of the Hospitallers their manor at Hampton Court, which included a domain of some 2000 acres. The rent agreed upon was £50 per annum, which, making due allowance for the relative values of money in the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries, we may consider a just one. The work of converting the ancient manor house into a palace, with gardens of suitable size and state, was at once commenced, and was pushed forward with such energy that in May, 1516, the Cardinal was able to entertain the King and his Queen (the temporary holder of that dignity at the time was Catherine of Aragon) in his new residence.

The name of the architect of Hampton Court has not come down to us; and in view of the fact that account-books with payments for the work survive, yet in them there is no mention

of such an artist, it is not improbable that the Cardinal-Archbishop himself designed the buildings and the laying out of his grounds. In that case we must add the name of Wolsey to those of Wykeham and Waynflete, as an ecclesiastic who was also an architect. The names of some of those responsible for the work are on record: James Bettes was "master of the works; Nicholas Townley "clerk comptroller;" "Master Lawrence Stubbes, paymaster;" and "Mr Henry Williams, priest, surveyor of the works."

The palace in its original form consisted of two courtyards or quadrangles, with a western front reaching some 400 feet from wing to wing; but it has been a good deal altered since Wolsey's days. An imposing gate-house gave admission to the palace, and the building itself was pleasantly diversified with towers and turrets, most of which were crowned with leaden cupolas. One feature, often an eye-sore in a modern building, is the treatment of the numerous chimney-stacks, which by their graceful forms and their unity in variety prove the architect to have been one of those true artists who can make the useful beautiful without disguising its object. In some cases these stacks are octagons, in some squares set

diagonally, in some the circular form is used, and they vary in groups of twos and fours; but they are always chimneys, not imitation turrets or pinnacles. The arms of the original owner of the pile, and his motto "*Dominus mihi adjutor*," are still to be seen in one of the quadrangles.

The inner court has been altered most, and many have been the hands that have endeavoured to improve the Cardinal's noble palace; Henry VIII., Charles II., William III. and other owners have sought according to their tastes to increase its beauty or its comfort.

Wolsey was not long allowed to enjoy the use of the magnificent place which he had created. The splendour not only of the palace and its park, but also of the furniture and decorations with which the chambers were enriched, soon roused the jealousy of his enemies in the Court and in the country. Roy, a poet of the time, was no doubt expressing the sentiments of many observers when he wrote :—

"Hath the Cardinall any gay mansion?
Great palaces without compareson;
Most glorious of outward sight,
And within deck't poynt device,
More lyke unto a Paradice
Than any earthly habitation."

The feeling that this was a residence which rivalled, if it did not excel, all the royal castles and manors, and far exceeded the state which was meet for a subject, was soon suggested to Henry VIII., whose mind was readily enough receptive of any idea that pointed to his own aggrandizement. The envy and hostility of the nobles the pride of Wolsey probably accepted as the homage due to the position which he had conquered for himself, and he enjoyed it as such; the jealousy of his sovereign was altogether another matter; and in 1526, twelve years only after acquiring the estate, the Cardinal found it expedient to inform Henry that the Palace of Hampton Court was intended as a present to the King, if he would graciously condescend to accept it. Henry had no scruples in such a matter, and was undoubtedly pleased at gaining so easily what he in any case had resolved on gaining; but to keep up the appearance of friendly relations in the matter between himself and the greatest of his subjects, he "licensed Wolsey," as Stowe tells us, "in recompense thereof to lie in his (the King's) manor of Richmond at his pleasure, and so he lay there at certain times."

Henry evidently was determined that there should be no question as to the ownership of his new property. He introduced the royal emblems, arms, and badges, on walls and pinnacles, putting, as it were, his seal upon almost every part of the palace. He also began to make alterations; Wolsey's hall was demolished, and another was erected on a larger scale and at great cost, among the decorations being the initials of Henry and of Queen Jane Seymour, which seem to fix the date of its erection at the year 1536 or 1537. Among the minor additions to the palace was the insertion of the great clock in the clock-court in the year 1540, an instrument which was reputed to be the most accurate known in England up to that time. The astronomical clock which is now in that place is commonly reported to be a specimen of the work of Tompion, but was probably made by Lindsay Bradley; its date is 1711.

Very shortly after his cession of the palace Wolsey was requested by the King to superintend an entertainment given there to the French ambassador, and he carried out the festivities with a splendour and an ingenuity which called

forth the admiration and the wonder of his guests. From the time of his acquirement of it, Hampton Court became a favourite residence with the King, his additions including buildings specially designed for the use of the Queen, and others, "the King's new Lodging in the Priory Garden," for himself. The changes were completed by the end of 1538.

The situation of Hampton Court, so near London and yet so far removed from its turmoil, as well as the beauty of the place itself, made it a favourite residence with the English Sovereigns for over two hundred years. Henry, as we have said, was often here, and here Edward VI. was born in 1537, and here his mother, Jane Seymour, died shortly after giving him birth. On the death of Henry, the young King seems to have lived here until the Protector, the Duke of Somerset, removed him to Windsor Castle; the times were unsettled, and Hampton Court was practically defenceless, although Wolsey had constructed a moat about it, which is noteworthy as being probably the last structure of the kind made about a residence in England.

Elizabeth kept Christmas at Hampton Court with lavish splendour in 1572 and in 1592.

During her reign, and that of her successor, dramatic performances were sometimes given in the Great Hall, and there is a tradition that some of Shakespeare's plays were first acted there. The chapel was also used by the Court during its residence there; and among the many sermons of a more or less controversial nature published in those times is one by William Fulke, who in 1578 became Master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, which was "preached at Hampton Court on Sunday, being the 12th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1570."

In 1604 the name of the palace comes prominently forward in the pages of English history as the scene of a celebrated conference of ecclesiastics. The Puritans having petitioned the newly-crowned monarch, James I., to make certain drastic reforms in the ceremonial and teaching of the English Church, a council was summoned to discuss the matter in the royal presence at Hampton Court in January of the above year. Archbishop Whitgift, supported by eight bishops and other dignitaries appeared in support of the formularies of the Church, while Sparks and Reynolds and a few other leading puritans and presbyterians were present as "the opposition."

The result was little to the satisfaction of the petitioners, who were informed by James that in his opinion "Presbyterianism agreed as well with monarchy as God with the devil." The most important outcome of the Conference was the Authorised Version of the Holy Scriptures, the need of such a work being insisted upon during the discussions; and thus was produced the book which, independently of its influence on religion, has, beyond all others, influenced the English language.

The unfortunate son and successor of "the English Solomon" spent the last days of his even nominal freedom at Hampton Court. He was brought here by the army on August 24th, 1647, and remained here until he escaped to the Isle of Wight on the 11th of the following November. The room in which he slept is alleged to have been built by Wolsey as an oratory, a tradition which gains some support from the fact that the scene of the Institution of the Eucharist and other sacred subjects have been painted on the walls. The same chamber was used also as a bedroom by Oliver Cromwell, who took up his residence at Hampton Court on obtaining the reins of government; in his

case the special attraction of this apartment is said to have been the iron door, behind which the Lord Protector felt that he could sleep with the less fear of disturbance from any disciple of the author of "Killing no Murder." This room has since been used as a pantry! Cromwell, with all his puritanism, was not devoid of some taste, especially in music, just as his Latin Secretary, with similar religious views, was no mean performer; and thus an organ was set up at Hampton Court during the Commonwealth. As Lord Protector he objected to the superstition of an organ in Magdalen College Chapel, Oxford; as plain Oliver Cromwell he did not object to having one himself; his commissioners, therefore, impounded the college instrument and erected it in the Hall at Hampton Court. After the Restoration Magdalen repurchased it, and subsequently sold it to Tewkesbury Abbey.

Naturally such a residence as this was a favourite one with the pleasure-loving Charles II.; and its halls and gardens were witnesses of many of the follies and frivolities of which he was guilty. Samuel Pepys makes very frequent allusion to the time spent there by the

Court. On May 31st, 1662, the gossiping diarist notes: "The Queene is brought a few days since to Hampton Court: and all people say of her to be a very fine and handsome lady, and very discreet; and the King is pleased enough with her: which, I fear, will put Madam Castlemaine's nose out of joynt. The Court is wholly now at Hampton." Again, following his entry on the 30th June in the same year, Pepys makes some "observations," commencing thus: "This I take to be as bad a juncture as ever I observed; the King and his new Queene minding their pleasures at Hampton Court; all the people discontented."

William III. was particularly fond of this noble palace, and made extensive alterations according to his own taste. At his direction Sir Christopher Wren took down some of Wolsey's work, and erected what became known as the Fountain Court, which contains the rooms occupied by the later sovereigns who used the palace as a residence. The new buildings were not additions either to the beauty or the dignity of the Tudor pile. Sir Christopher is presumably responsible for introducing Ionic columns into such a building regardless of their incongruity; and his royal

master, who wanted something comfortable and domestic, is probably answerable for the general mediocrity of these erections. Amongst the galleries built at this time was one for the reception of Raffaelle's famous cartoons. These drawings, executed by the great master in 1513 as designs for tapestry for use at the Vatican, were bought by Charles I. on the advice of Rubens, and they were kept at Whitehall till William III. brought them hither, where they remained until their recent removal to the Museum at South Kensington. The arrangement of the grounds was also altered considerably by William, the gardens being laid out in the stiff and conventional manner then fashionable; it was he, too, who formed the Maze, a curiosity in landscape gardening of which he seems to have been fond, as there was another in his grounds at the Hague. Of these changes, and of William's interest in them, Burnet says: "He had made the Royal Apartments at Hampton Court very noble, and he was so much pleased with the place that he went thither once a week, and rode often about the Park." It was on one of these rambles that his horse made that fatal stumble, which resulted to the King in a broken collar-bone, and subsequently in death.

Before the end, however, he was removed to Kensington.

His successor's residence here has been rendered familiar by an allusion to it in one of the most frequently quoted passages in Pope's works. He opens the third canto of "The Rape of the Lock" with the lines:—

"Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea."

George I. occasionally lived here, and during his reign the drama again appeared in the Great Hall. Among other plays given, Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII." was acted here on one occasion. Surely "the Whirligig of Time," with all its changes and chances, never was guilty of a more curious freak than that the fall of Wolsey should be enacted in the very palace which he had built in the plenitude of his pride and power.

George II. reconstructed a good deal of the eastern side of the inner court; and with him

Hampton Court ceased to be a royal residence. It is now granted for the use of a number of pensioners of the Crown, the old state-rooms being thrown open for the inspection of the public.

The treasures of art which Hampton Court contains, the noble architecture which it still embodies, and the beauties of nature which surround it, make it one of the most attractive spots in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis. We have here the "Beauties of Charles II.'s Court" from the pencil of Lely, and other masterpieces executed by Holbein, Rembrandt, Kneller, and West; we have the grotesque devices wherewith Antonio Verrio, the Neapolitan protégé of Charles II. and James II., adorned some of the ceilings, after William III. had with difficulty overcome his aversion to the Revolution and all its agents. The gardens, too, are still beautiful, even where art is somewhat too conspicuous in their arrangement; and the famous vine, with its annual harvest of some 2500 clusters of luscious grapes bespeaks the richness of the soil. The house, the palace itself, rich in the tones of red-brick and terra-cotta mellowed by the weather of three centuries,—with all the alterations which it

has undergone, this, too, has much of beauty and of splendour; enough to prove the magnificence of the great Cardinal's imagination,—enough, it may be, almost to justify the cupidity of his King.

The Country Homes of Queen Elizabeth.

By Thomas Frost.

FEW English sovereigns have enjoyed so many changes of residence in the years of their adolescence as did Elizabeth. At the death of her father, she was living at Elsynge Hall, near Enfield, and sometimes called Enfield House. Her half-brother Edward, who had been living at Hertford, was, when that event occurred, removed to the same house, but in a few days travelled to London in the guardianship of the Earl of Hertford, being then only ten years of age, and the junior of Elizabeth by four. The young Princess was removed in less than a year to Hanworth House, one of the jointure houses of the Queen-Dowager, Katherine Parr, situated three miles from Hounslow; but she always retained in after-life pleasant memories of her early residence at Enfield. She experienced many changes of domicile before she ascended the throne, owing to Mary's constant suspicion of the designs of the Protestant party,

but after she became queen she visited Enfield on several occasions, holding her court there, and hunting the stag on the beautiful and extensive Chase. She is known to have been there for a fortnight in September 1561, and again in the summers of 1564 and 1568. The Manor of Enfield was settled upon her by her brother, about 1550, at which time it is supposed that he either built, or rebuilt, on the site of a former mansion, the house sometimes confounded with the old manor house, and some portion of which is still standing on the south side of Church Street, the greater part having been demolished in the following reign.

What still remains of this old Tudor structure is now partly concealed by the subsequent erection of houses in front of it with their faces to the street, and possesses no external architectural features to indicate that it was ever the abode of royalty. The view given of it in Robinson's "History of Enfield" shows it as partaking more of the character of a grange than of a royal palace. The portion there shown is the north-east side, and has a bay in the centre with a high gable and stone-mullioned square windows. The principal front faced the

north, and consisted, like the side already described, of a centre and two wings, the latter decorated with the arms of England, supported by a lion and a griffin with the royal initials E. R. at the sides. But, notwithstanding the unpretentious plainness of the exterior, what remains of the interior still retains vestiges of its former magnificence, a portion of one of the larger rooms on the ground floor showing its original state, being handsomely panelled with oak and having an elaborately decorated ceiling and a sculptured stone chimney-piece supported by Ionic and Corinthian columns ornamented with the royal arms and monogram, birds and foliage, and the Latin motto: *Sola salus servire Deo, sunt cætera fraudes.* The drawing-room and some of the upper rooms now occupied as boys' dormitories, the building having for many years been used as a boarding-school, have the ceilings similarly decorated.

Elizabeth resided some time at Hanworth House both before and after the marriage of her step-mother with Lord Seymour of Sudeley, who at one time is known to have entertained the idea of becoming her husband. That the Princess reciprocated the tender feeling, and

encouraged it, is evident from the report of the commissioners by whom her relations with Seymour were inquired into, though she is said to have shown little emotion when he was subsequently sent to the scaffold on a charge of treason. The scandal created by the conduct of Seymour, connived at by Katherine, and condoned by Elizabeth, could not long escape notice. Miss Aikin, who refers to the Burleigh Papers as her authority, says that "on one occasion the queen held the hands of the young princess whilst the Lord Admiral amused himself with cutting her gown into shreds; and on another she introduced him into the chamber of Elizabeth before she had left her bed, when a violent romping scene took place which was afterwards repeated in the presence of the queen." The incidents related find a place also in Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," and show conclusively that the royal widow was far from being a suitable person to be the guardian and guide of a future queen. Elizabeth was at this time not more than fifteen years of age. Fortunately for her fair fame, she was not allowed to remain at Hanworth long afterwards, for a violent quarrel with her stepmother, with

which jealousy had probably something to do, combined with the disclosures made before the commissioners, brought about a prompt and final separation.

The mansion known as Hanworth House at the present day is not the one associated with the foregoing incidents in Elizabeth's early life, but a much more modern building standing on higher ground than the old house, and long occupied by the late Henry Perkins, a member of the famous Southwark firm of brewers, after whose death in 1873 it passed by purchase into the possession of Mr Lafone, M.P., a London merchant. The old house was destroyed by fire in 1797, but it is stated by Mr Edward Walford in his "Greater London" that the moat and some remains of the early home of Elizabeth may still be found near the western end of Hanworth Church.

Elizabeth was removed with her governess, Mrs Ashley, to Cheshunt in the spring of 1548, and afterwards to Hatfield, seeming to be regarded by the Lord Protector, Somerset, with some suspicion, especially after the arrest of Seymour. She remained under a cloud until 1551, when, after the first disgrace of Somerset,

she rode to London to visit her royal brother. She returned to Hatfield, however, and remained there until the accession of Mary. At the time of Wyatt's rebellion she was at her own house at Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire, but Mary's suspicions of her loyalty caused her to be brought to London and committed to the Tower. From thence she was removed to the gate-house of the old palace at Woodstock, and afterwards to Hampton Court where, says Miss Strickland, she "was ushered into the 'princes' lodgings,' but the doors were closed upon her and guarded, so that she had reason to suppose she was still to be treated as a prisoner."

Whether there is any truth in the statement of several writers that the Princess owed her liberation in the following year to the policy of her royal brother-in-law, Philip of Spain, has by some other historians been considered doubtful; but it is certain that she was treated in more sisterly manner after Mary's marriage. On the occasion of the visit of the Duke of Savoy to England she was invited to share the Christmas festivities of the royal pair, and a contemporary chronicle, preserved in the library of the British Museum, supplied Miss Aikin with the following

particulars of the entertainment: "On Christmas eve, the great hall of the palace being illuminated with a thousand lamps artificially disposed, the king and queen supped in it, and the princess was seated at the same table with them, next to the cloth of estate. After supper she was served with a perfumed napkin and a plate of 'comfects' by Lord Paget, but retired to her ladies before the revels, masking, and disguising began. On St. Stephen's day she heard matins in the queen's closet adjoining the chapel, where she was attired in a robe of white satin, strung all over with large pearls; and on the 29th of December she sat with their majesties and the nobility at a grand spectacle of jousting, when two hundred spears were broken by the combatants, of whom half were accoutred in the Almaine and half in the Spanish fashion." In the following spring, she was allowed to take up her abode at Hatfield, where she was henceforth under no restraint, and continued to reside until she succeeded to the throne.

After her accession Hampton Court became one of her favourite residences, where, as one of the ambassadors to her court relates, she delighted in a walk in the gardens with her at-

tendant ladies, especially on cold frosty mornings. The palace is unique among the royal residences of England. The entrance at the present day is through an arched gateway in the western quadrangle, the front of which exhibits something of the monastic style of architecture. Only two of Wolsey's five courts now remain, the others having been demolished to make room for the heavy, tasteless structure of William III. The first of the two is entered by this gateway, and both are said to have originally consisted only of offices, a statement supported by the fact that old views show this first court as being much lower than the next. Of late years some careful restoration in the original style has been effected, including the turrets of the gateway, and the fine oak gates, which had been laid aside for many years, have been re-hung. The second court, usually called the middle quadrangle, has on the south side a colonnade supported by Ionic columns, the design of Wren. On this side is the great hall, a splendid apartment, built by Henry VIII. after the death of Wolsey. The archway forming the entrance has a rich traceried roof, and the groined ceiling, which was restored in 1880, is very handsome. Seven

windows on one side, and six on the other, with another at each end, flood the lofty rooms with light. A bay window on the dais contains compartments of stained glass, containing the arms, initials, etc., of Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour; but this is modern.

The presence chamber, entered by a door in the centre of the dais, is a noble apartment, hung with tapestry and adorned with cartoons by Lignani. The eastern quadrangle, in the centre of which is a small fountain, is the work of Wren, and by no means a favourable example. The chapel is on the north side of this court, and contains some fine oak carving by Gibbons. The State apartments are approached from this court by the grand staircase, the walls and ceiling of which were painted by Verrio. Most of the apartments are hung with tapestry and have painted ceilings. The pictures which adorn them are rather a mixed collection, some of them having little or no artistic value, while others rank among the best works of Correggio, Giorgione, Velasquez, Rubens and Nicholas Poussin. The famous cartoons of Raffaelle have been removed to the South Kensington Museum.

In a small room, the last of the State apartments entered by the visitor, is a full-length portrait of Elizabeth, in a loose figured robe trimmed with fur. She is represented with a rather sad expression, standing in a wood, with a stag by her side. It is the work of Zucchero. Leaving this room by the Queen's Staircase, we descend to the courts of Wolsey and pass into the gardens, which have an area of over forty acres. They are laid out in the formal Dutch style introduced in the reign of William III., and are separated from the Home Park by an iron railing. Near the southern end of the east front of the palace is the long building containing the famous grape-vine, said to have been planted in 1768, and which still sends about one thousand pounds of grapes every year to the royal table. There are also two large greenhouses containing orange trees and other exotics. The maze is on the north side of the palace, near the entrance called the Lion Gateway, the stone piers of which are handsomely decorated, and surmounted by two colossal lions couchant.

Viewed from the river, the palace presents an aspect as grand as it is picturesque, the red brick-

work showing between the old trees, while the historical associations of the place are exceeded in interest only by those of Windsor Castle. Mr Howitt observes, in his "Visits to Remarkable Places," that "the old dark red brick walls, with still darker lines of bricks in diamond shapes running along them—the mixture of Gothic archways and square mullioned windows—the battlemented roofs, turrets, and cupolas, and tall twisted and cross-banded chimneys, all are deeply interesting, as belonging to the unquestionable period of Wolsey—belonging altogether to that Tudor or transition style when castles were fast turning into peaceful mansions, and the beauties of ecclesiastical architecture were called in to aid in giving ornament where before strength had only been required." It is these features of the architecture of this fine old palace which give to it the perfectly unique character among the royal residences of England which has been claimed for it.

Canonbury Tower.

By John T. Page.

"As some old, stout, and lonely holyhock,
Within a desolate neglected garden,
Doth long survive beneath the gradual choke
Of weeds, that come and work the general spoil;
So, Canonbury, thou dost stand awhile:
Yet fall at last thou must; for thy rich warden
Is fast 'improving'; all thy pleasant fields
Have fled, and brick-kilns, bricks, and houses rise
At his command; the air no longer yields
A fragrance—scarcely health; the very skies
Grow dim and townlike; a cold, creeping gloom
Steals into thee, and saddens every room:
And so realities come unto me,
Clouding the chambers of my mind, and making me—
like thee."

THE following advertisement appeared in the newspapers on April 11, 1780:—

"At Canbury Mansion House, near Islington, Elegant rooms to lett, genteely furnished, by G. Delfosse. This situation is so well known to the Faculty, that they have constantly with great success recommended it where a pure fine air is necessary for recovery and establishment of health. Its contiguity to the principal parts of the metropolis and the conveniency of a *sixpenny stage* every hour to the City, Hol-

born and Temple Bar, and parts adjacent, render it exceedingly convenient. Coach house and stabling, if wanted."

The *Canbury* House referred to is, of course, Canonbury House, the tower of which still lingers on as one of those precious relics of the past daily growing more scarce in and around London, and forms the best non-ecclesiastical landmark on our Northern Heights. It has well borne the wear and tear of the two centuries and more which have passed away since, amid the rural surroundings which cut it off on all sides from town and village, it first reared its head. What changes it has seen since then! Slowly, but surely, the heaps of bricks and mortar have accumulated around it, until now it is completely hemmed in by the habitations of busy men of the neighbouring city.

As the time is doubtless not far distant when the vandalism of the nineteenth century will have its way and crush it out of existence altogether, it behoves us to gather up and place in order a few of the events which help to make it a centre of attraction to here and there one amongst those who urge their daily toil in the labyrinths of London.

Canonbury first received its name when it was

made over to the Priors of the Canons of St Bartholomew, Smithfield, as a *bury*, or retreat, by a member of the Berners family. The exact year of the gift is unknown. It was, however, sometime during the thirteenth century, for there is in existence a confirmation of Henry the Third, dated 1253, which includes the manor of Canonbury in the possessions of the Priory. The industrious monks diligently tilled the soil, and very speedily built themselves a residence, and Canons' Bury became well known and famed for its farm produce and the exceptional quality of its water. This continued until the Reformation, when, in like manner with other church lands, it passed into the possession of the crown. The last Prior who held it was one Prior Bolton, whose memory is still green for various reasons. He was an indefatigable builder, and took great delight in playing the architect. Whenever he put up a building he always set his mark upon it, so that there should be no difficulty in deciphering his work. The mark in question was a pun on his name, in the shape of a rebus —a shaft, or bolt, as it was sometimes called, through a ton, signifying Bolton. This rebus we find on that fine specimen of architecture,

Prior Bolton's oriel window, which still exists in St Bartholomew's Church, Smithfield. It was also to be seen, until comparatively recently, carved on a stone in the walls of Canonbury Tower, thus enabling us to correctly credit the old Prior with its design and construction. Not long after the erection of this tower the confiscation of church lands took place, and we can imagine what a pang it would cause Prior Bolton to have to hand over his buildings to others and to retire into obscurity and limited means.

The King granted Canonbury to his favourite, Thomas Cromwell, and on his execution for bringing about Henry's marriage with Anne of Cleves, £20 per annum was allowed the then divorced queen from this manor towards her jointure. When Edward the Sixth became king he bestowed it on Dudley, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, in whose hands it remained until after the ignominious failure of his mad attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne.

Sir John Spencer was the next owner, and during his lifetime Canonbury House was very conspicuous in history. Sir John was so rich

that he acquired the name of "Rich Spencer." Queen Elizabeth once paid him a visit at Canonbury, and it is with a description of this visit that G. W. M. Reynolds opens his highly sensational story entitled "Canonbury House." Plenty of materials in the shape of exciting incidents were ready to the hand of the novelist, for romance and chivalry seem to have taken up their abode here during the reign of the Virgin Queen.

The affluence of the old knight, coupled with his proverbial generosity, attracted the attention of all classes. He became a mark for thieves and footpads, who infested the London roads, and organised attacks were more than once made on his person as he travelled at night between his city residence, Crosby Hall, and Canonbury. On one occasion some Dutch pirates left their craft in Barking Reach and travelled across the country to intercept his progress home and relieve him of any spare cash. They only failed because their would-be victim, by a strange coincidence, stayed in the city all night.

Early in life Sir John Spencer became a widower, but not before a daughter was born

to him. This was his only child, and he cherished her with all a father's care. She grew up to womanhood, both beautiful and accomplished, and when she arrived at mature years was wooed by the young Lord Compton. For some reason or other the burly old knight refused to give his consent to the union, and it was by reason of this that one of the most curious and romantic episodes that ever fell to the lot of true lovers was brought about. All kinds of stratagems were tried in order to gain Sir John's consent, but, even when Queen Elizabeth expressed herself in favour of the marriage, still the father proved invulnerable, and stuck to the resolve that Lord Compton should marry no daughter of his.

It was then that the young couple decided on an elopement, and the story goes that the lady left her home in a baker's basket, and thus performed the journey from Canonbury to the arms of her lover. There is a picture belonging to the Marquis of Northampton, which may be seen in his lordship's collection at Castle Ashby, pourtraying the above interesting event.

His daughter gone, the old knight, doubtless with a heavy heart, set to and did his duty by

disinheriting her, wishing never to see her more. Queen Elizabeth, on hearing in the course of time what had occurred, resolved to take the matter up in her own peculiar way, should events permit. There was nothing pleased her majesty better than to be called "the mother of her people," and many are the little offices which she performed in order to impress upon those about her her title to this term. With this object in view a royal message one day arrived at Canonbury House stating that the queen would be obliged if Sir John Spencer would consent to be the god-father of a little girl who had been disowned by the head of her family. The bait took, for Sir John was not quite proof against royal flattery, and at once loyally acquiesced, especially as he heard that the young lady in question was to be named after the queen. Great was his surprise when, on arriving at the church, he found that her majesty had inveigled him into standing sponsor to his own grand-daughter. Sir John appears at once to have accepted the situation, and thus the queen's ruse became the means of healing the breach and reconciling the knight to his children.

Things went on well for some time, until on March 30, 1609, at a good old age, "Rich Spencer" was gathered to his fathers. He was buried in the church of St Helen, Bishopsgate, where the elaborate canopied sarcophagus erected to his memory may still be seen in a good state of preservation. His recumbent effigy is richly carved on the top of an altar tomb. Beside him lies the figure of his wife, while at their feet, before a praying stool, with clasped hands, kneels the wayward daughter.

The tomb was removed from its original position in the south transept of St Helen's in 1867, and now occupies a position just within the south door. An inscription has been carved on the upper slab of the tomb commemorating its removal and renovation, as follows:—

THIS MONUMENT, WHICH FORMERLY STOOD IN
THE NORTHERN ARCH OF THE SOUTH TRANSEPT
WAS ON THE RESTORATION OF THE CHURCH IN 1867
REMOVED TO THIS SPOT REPAIRED AND RESTORED BY
THE DESCENDANT AND HEIR OF SIR JOHN SPENCER,
CHARLES, THIRD MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON.

At the back of the tomb on two panels the Latin epitaph may with difficulty be deciphered as follows—

(*Left Panel.*)

HIC SITVS EST IOANNES SPENCER
EQVES AVRATVS, CIVIS & SENATOR
LONDINENSIS, EIVS DEMQ CIVITATIS
PRÆTOR ANNO DNI MDXCIIII
QVI EX ALICIA BROMFELDIA
VXORE VNICAM RELIQVIT FILIAM
ELIZABETH GVILIELMO BARONI
COMPTON ENVPTAM OBITT 3°
MARTII
DIE ANNO SALVTIS MDCIX

(*Right Panel.*)

SOCERO BENE MERITO
GVLIELMVS BARO COMPTON
GENER POSVIT.

In "Old and New London" there are some curious facts given respecting Sir John Spencer's funeral. It there states that about a thousand persons attended the ceremony attired in black gowns, and 320 poor men had each a basket given them containing the following items:—One black gown, four pounds of beef, a little bottle of wine, a black pudding, a dozen points, a candlestick, a pound of candles, two saucers, two spoons, a pair of gloves, four white herrings, two red herrings, six sprats, and two eggs.

Canonbury House and its appurtenances now came into the hands of Lord Compton, and it

has remained in the family ever since, the present Marquis of Northampton having inherited it in unbroken succession from his ancestors of the seventeenth century. When the young nobleman became aware of the magnitude of his wealth it is said that for a time his reason entirely gave way. Quite different was the case with his wife, who appears at once to have proved equal to the importance and responsibility of her new position. Being absent from her lord at the time, she set to work and wrote a practical and pointed epistle to him, which at once had the effect of arousing him to a sense of his onerous duties, and, strange to say, cured him for ever of his malady. This letter is still extant, and was published for the first time in the *European Magazine* of June, 1782. As a pattern of a woman's business-like thoroughness, and also as a specimen of dry humour and wise forethought combined, I think I cannot do better than append it here in its entirety :—

"My Sweet Life,—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink, or consider with myself, what allowance were meetest for me. For considering what care I ever had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those, which,

both by the laws of God, of nature, and civil polity, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant me, the sum of £1,600 *per annum*, quarterly to be paid.

"Also, I would (besides that allowance for my apparel) have £600 added yearly, (quarterly to be paid) for the performance of charitable works; and these things I would not, neither will be, accountable for.

"Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

"Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick or have some other lett; also, believe that it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a good estate.

"Also, when I ride a-hunting or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse.

"Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with sweet cloth, one laced with gold, the other with scarlet, and laced with watch-lace and silver, with four good horses.

"Also, I will have two coach-men, one for my own coach, the other for my women.

"Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only carroches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting to all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with chambermaids', nor theirs with washmaids'.

"Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe; and the

chambermaids I will have go before with the greens,* that the chambers may be ready, sweet and clean.

"Also, for that it is indecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse, to attend me either in city or country; and I must have two footmen; and my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me.

"And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones.

"Also, I would have, to put into my purse, £2,000, and £200; and so for you to pay my debts.

"Also, I would have £6,000 to buy me jewels, and £4,000 to buy me a pearl chain.

"Now, seeing I am so *reasonable* unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel and their schooling; and also my servants (men and women) their wages.

"Also, I will have my houses furnished, and all my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings and such like; so, for my drawing chambers, in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chair-cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

"Also, my desire is, that you would pay all my debts, build Ashby House, and purchase lands; and lend no money (as you love God) to the Lord Chamberlain,† who would have all, perhaps your life, from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden; what entertainment he gave me when you were

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* This refers to the green rushes with which it was customary in those days to strew the floors by way of carpet.

† Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk.

at Tilt-yard. If you were dead, he said he would be a husband, a father, and a brother; and he said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty, to use his friend so vilely. Also, he fed me with untruths concerning the Charterhouse; but that is the least, he wished me much harm. You know him; God keep you and me from such as he is!

"So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what that is that I would not have; I pray, that when you be an Earl, to allow me £1,000 more than I now desire, and *double attendance.*—Your loving wife,

"ELIZA COMPTON."

During all these years we know that the neighbouring city of London had gone on increasing in size until, at last, Canonbury came to be considered too much in town to be the country seat of a lord. After the death of the second Lord Compton it appears never more to have been used as a residence by its owners. For some time the stewards of the estate lived there, and they ultimately devised the plan of letting out rooms in the Tower to city gentlemen who needed rest and change of air. This idea was at one time very popular amongst the members of the literary profession, and many whose names have become household words have at one time or other resided within the walls of Canonbury Tower. The advertisement at the commence-

ment of this article is one which was doubtless responded to with alacrity by weary and depressed men of letters. There is one name, however, which, more than any other, has made the old ivy-covered tower the shrine of many a pilgrimage. Did not Oliver Goldsmith love the place? and several times during his life did he not there find sanctuary? There was no part of London he took so much delight in as "Merry Islington," and he undoubtedly spent a great deal of his time in the locality. How sweetly has he for ever immortalised the name in his "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog"—

> "At Islington there was a man
> Of whom the world might say,
> That still a godly race he ran
> Whene'er he went to pray."

How many and which of Goldsmith's works emanated from Canonbury Tower is a subject of controversy, and largely a matter of conjecture. From researches I have made I have found scarcely any two authors agreed on the point. Gathered here and there at hap-hazard I have read statements to the effect that "The Deserted Village," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Traveller," "The History of England,"

and "The History of Rome," were undoubtedly written here; but my own idea is that Goldsmith never completed any of his works in this place. That he often visited the publisher, Newbery, at the Tower, and also hired apartments there himself at times, is quite certain; that he wrote much for Newbery in return for money advanced is equally certain; but that he composed and completed any of his great works within these walls there seems no evidence whatever to support. The writers of "Old and New London" are far too cautious to make use of any definite assertions on this point, as witness the following:—"It was while living in Wine Office Court that Goldsmith is supposed to have partly written that delightful novel, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' which he had begun at Canonbury Tower." Washington Irving, too, is very chary of committing himself, as the appended quotations will testify—"Towards the close of 1762 he (Goldsmith) removed to 'Merry Islington.' He went there for the benefit of the country air, and to be near his chief employer, Mr Newbery, who resided in the Canonbury House." "Goldsmith undertook to complete it ('History of Rome') in two years. As usual, he

sought a rural retreat in the summer months where he might alternate his literary labours with strolls about the green fields. 'Merry Islington' was again his resort, but he now aspired to better quarters than formerly, and engaged the chambers occasionally occupied by Mr Newbery in Canonbury House, or Castle, as it is popularly called." We cannot, however, conclude that the "History of Rome" was written here, for later on we find that "in the winter of 1768-69 Goldsmith occupied himself at his quarters in the Temple slowly 'building up' his Roman History."

Forster, in his "Life of Goldsmith," is very explicit on the subject of poetry, and sets any doubts at rest under that head by telling us—"If, as at times alleged, any of Goldsmith's poetry was written here (Canonbury Tower), it was written in the present autumn (1767), and could have been but the fragments or beginning of a poem."

This moot point so far settled, we pass on to jot down the names of some other men of mark who visited or resided at Canonbury Tower at different times. Among these were Dr Samuel Johnson, who often came to see Newbery;

Ephraim Chambers, of Encyclopædic fame; Samuel Humphreys, whose effusions we are surprised to hear Handel admired, and who died here in January 1737; William Hone, who wrote the "Every Day Book;" Speaker Onslow; Woodfall, the printer of *Junius;* Deputy Harrison, who for many years printed *The London Gazette;* Christopher Smart, the mad poet, whom Newbery for some time kept in charge—these, and many other lesser luminaries, from time to time came and went at Canonbury Tower. Long ago was the day when each and all of them in turn passed for the last time from beneath its roof; but we in later times still visit the spot and hold it in fond remembrance for their sakes.

I cannot but think, as I have before hinted, that the day is not far distant when the place which now knows it shall know it no more for ever. It seems to have been quite a white elephant both to its owner, the Marquis of Northampton, and the Islington parish authorities, the latter some time ago having refused to receive it as a gift. For more than a dozen years subsequently it was rented to the Church of England Young Men's Society, and now it

is the *habitat* of the Canonbury Constitutional Club.

Visitors, I am told, occasionally call to see the place, and I, in turn, have helped to swell the number of those who have set foot within its walls and mounted its stair-cases.

I will conclude by describing what I saw on the occasion of my visit.

It is but a short distance from Canonbury Station on the North London Railway. Not far from the line are the two streets known respectively as Canonbury Park North and Canonbury Park South. Either of these leads to the lonely tower, which, it is needless to add, looks completely out of character amid its surroundings of well-built modern houses. An old oaken door, ornamented with a knocker containing in the centre a face said to be intended for that of Queen Elizabeth, admits the visitor straight from the roadway to the ground floor of the Tower. Opposite the entrance, at the end of a short passage, is a large and lofty hall from which access is gained on one side to the garden. A glance at the latter reveals the fact that it is gradually growing dangerously smaller, and the wide-spreading branches of the mulberry tree, which

stands in the centre, bid fair to speedily form a shade over the whole of the enclosure.

On the first floor of the Tower is still pointed out "Dr Goldsmith's Room." It is now very hard to identify it from the description given in Hone's "Every Day Book," as it has evidently been very much altered since that was written. He tells us, however, that it was on the *first floor*, and so there cannot be much doubt as to this being the one. From Forster, too, we gain that "it was an old oak room on the first floor, with Gothic windows, panelled wainscot, and a recess in its eastern corner for a large press bedstead, which, doubtless, the poet occupied." Although none of this now holds good, it is a spot in which to linger long and lovingly, if only because we know that these four walls once enclosed the casket which contained that rich gem the poetic soul of "dear old Goldy." Years afterwards Washington Irving, too, resided for a time in this room, doubtless more for love of Goldsmith than anything else. In his "Tales of a Traveller" he thus tells us in his own inimitable manner the story of his sojourn here:

"In a few days I was quietly established in my new quarters; my books all arranged; my

writing desk placed by the window looking out into the fields, and I felt as snug as Robinson Crusoe when he had finished his bower. For several days I enjoyed the novelty of change and the charms which grace new lodgings before one has found out their defects. I rambled about the fields where I fancied Goldsmith had rambled. I explored 'Merry Islington'; ate my solitary dinner at the Black Bull, which according to tradition was the country seat of Sir Walter Raleigh, and would sit and sip my wine, and muse on old times, in the quaint old room where many a council had been held.

"All this did very well for a few days; I was stimulated by novelty; inspired by the associations wakened in my mind by these curious haunts; and began to think I felt the spirit of composition stirring within me. But Sunday came, and with it the whole city world swarming about Canonbury Castle. I could not open my window lest I was stunned with shouts and noises from the cricket ground; the late quiet road beneath my window was alive with the tread of feet and the clack of tongues; and, to complete my misery, I found that my quiet retreat was absolutely a 'show-house,' the tower and its

contents being shown to strangers at sixpence a head.

"There was a perpetual streaming upstairs of citizens and their families to look about the country from the top of the tower and to take a peep at the city through a telescope to try if they could discern their own chimneys. And then, in the midst of a vein of thought or a moment of inspiration, I was interrupted and all my ideas put to flight by my intolerable landlady's tapping at the door and asking me if I would 'just please to let a lady and gentleman come in to take a look at Mr Goldsmith's room?' If you know anything about what an author's study is, and what an author is himself, you must know that there was no standing this. I put a positive interdict on my room's being exhibited; but then it was shown when I was absent and my papers put in confusion; and on returning home one day I absolutely found a coarse tradesman and his daughters gazing over my manuscripts, and my landlady in a panic at my appearance. I tried to make out a little longer by taking the key in my pocket; but it would not do. I overheard my hostess one day telling some of her customers on the stairs that the

room was occupied by an author who was always in a tantrum if interrupted; and I immediately perceived by a slight noise at the door that they were peeping at me through the keyhole. By the head of Apollo, but this was quite too much! With all my eagerness for fame and my ambition of the stare of the million I had no idea of being exhibited by retail at 6d. a head, and that through a keyhole. So I bade adieu to Canonbury Castle, Merry Islington, and the haunts of poor Goldsmith, without having advanced a single line in my labours."

Close to Goldsmith's Room is the Spencer Oak Room, the name of which is painted in large red letters on the thick oak door. The interior is still panelled from floor to ceiling with oak, which, over the fire-place, is carved into many curious devices. A similarly red-lettered door on the next floor admits the visitor to the Compton Oak Room. This room is the same size as the one below, and is panelled on all sides in the same manner, but the carving here is much superior and in every way more delicate and intricate. Immediately above the rich mantelpiece are two figures, which stand out boldly from the centre of two parallel panels. They are intended

to represent Faith and Hope, and beneath each of them are carved Latin inscriptions. Although some of the letters have been chipped away, they may, with a little difficulty, be deciphered as

SPES CERTA SVPRA (right.)
FIDES VIA DEVS META (left.)

On the frieze below the ceiling exquisitely carved specimens of almost every kind of edible fruit are grouped, with the arms of Sir John Spencer in the centre.

At length the summit is reached, and from here on a clear day it does one good to gaze over the myriad house-tops and church spires of London, stretching away far as the eye can reach on all sides. Truly this is a spot where meditations on a variety of subjects might fitly be indulged in. If we could only dwell habitually on some such Pisgah, what might not inspiration in time commit to our keeping, to be evolved anon for the benefit of those who habitually grovel on *terra firma!*

But all too soon time warns us that we must descend, and so we reluctantly bid farewell to the panorama lying beneath our feet, and, with a gaze upwards at the weather-vane towering aloft,

we pass down the flights of wide, substantial steps into the regions below.

We may fitly take our leave of this venerable building by quoting the following rugged and vigorous lines written by Charles James Fox, which so well describe its history:

"See on the distant slope majestic shows
Old Canonbury's Tower, an ancient pile
To various fates assigned; and where by turns
Meanness and grandeur have alternate reign'd.
Thither, in later days, hath genius fled
From yonder city to respire and die.
There the sweet bard of Auburn sat and tuned
The plaintive moanings of his village dirge.
There learned Chambers treasured lore for *men*
And Newbery there his A B C's for *babes*."

Holland House and its Memories.

By C. H. Bellamy, F.R.G.S.

HEINRICH HEINE once said of a celebrated poem, that if suddenly destroyed, it might be completely reproduced from a translation which he named. If Holland House were to be burned down or swallowed up to-morrow, its most inspiring and elevating associations would survive, and everything in it or about it, capable of material reproduction, might be reproduced, so much there is that has been written about it. Indeed, it is well known to nearly all the civilised world, for a large amount of political interest is attached to it, from having been the property and residence of so many celebrated statesmen and illustrious visitors.

All things considered, it is certainly the pearl of metropolitan or suburban houses. Take a few of the principal London historic houses, such as Devonshire House, Bridgewater House, Chesterfield House, Grosvenor House, Lansdowne

House, Stafford House, Apsley House; extend this area so as to comprise Sion House, Strawberry Hill, and Hatfield House, and where have you such a continuous stream of historical, literary, and political associations, reaching nearly three centuries back? Which of them calls up so many striking scenes, characters, and incidents, or can be re-peopled, by no extraordinary effort of memory or imagination, with so many brilliant groups of statesmen, orators, poets, wits, artists, beauties,—with the notabilities of both hemispheres, during six or seven generations, including our own?

Holland House is not greatly remarkable for architectural beauty, but it has a particularly venerable and quaint appearance. It stands in a very pleasing situation, surrounded by its gardens and park, and is on such an eminence that its upper apartments are said to be on a level with the stone gallery of St Paul's Cathedral. It is in the parish of Kensington, that Kenesitune presented by William the Conqueror to Geoffrey, Bishop of Constance, Chief Justiciary of England, at which time it was of the extent of eighteen villans and four ploughs, valued at ten pounds. After the dissolution of the monasteries the old

Abbey of Kensington was vested in the Crown; the manor was held by the De Veres until 1526, when it passed through co-heiresses into the families of Neville, Wingfield, and Cornwallis. In or about the year 1604 what was then known as Cope Castle was built by Sir Walter Cope, gentleman of the bedchamber to James I., who in 1610 acquired the manor. The architect, John Thorpe, had done his work, when Isabel Cope, daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Cope, who was created Baron of Kensington, gave her hand and hopes of a large inheritance to Sir Henry Rich. This accomplished but unprincipled courtier was sent to Spain along with the Duke of Buckingham by James I. to assist in negotiating a marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta. Their mission was unsuccessful, and Rich was deputed to woo Henrietta Maria of France by proxy. He went and plied the suit of one of the most devoted of admirers, and faithful and loving of husbands, who ever sat on the throne of England, or any throne. But Henrietta saw in the handsome Rich the being whom she could *love*, and her heart was deeply touched by his attractions. Long after her marriage a gentle partiality continued to exist

towards the dangerous proxy, and ceased only when his treachery became too apparent.

In 1624 Rich was created Earl of Holland, and bestowed this name upon the House, adding to the building its wings and arcades, and causing it to resemble in its outline the letter H; and more than this, he employed the best artists of the time in decorating the interior. His fortune was ample, and he might have led an honourable, if not a happy career, had he been possessed of the slightest grain of principle. But he was one of those whom no obligations could bind. He attached himself to the Queen's party on the death of Buckingham, and received many indications of her favour. When the great rebellion first broke out he was named General of the Horse, and was entrusted with the forces who were to march against the Scotch Covenanters. He betrayed his trust, yet it was long before the confiding Charles would believe in his treachery. At length the meeting which took place at Holland House between the disaffected members of parliament and General Fairfax, settled the question of his disloyalty. He vacillated between the two parties, but eventually suffered on the scaffold, having been declared guilty of treason by

the self-constituted "High Court of Justice" in Westminster. He met his doom with a firmness which had been wanting in the leading passages of his life. Warburton (in a note on Clarendon's history) says that he lived like a knave and died like a fool. For, like the fop that he was, he went to the scaffold in a white satin waistcoat, and prepared himself for the final stroke by putting on a white satin cap trimmed with silver lace.

It should be mentioned that his lordship's mother was the "Saccharissa" of that elegant, excellent and gallant gentleman and scholar, Sir Philip Sidney, whose graceful pen has recorded her attractions.

The next inhabitant of the house was General Fairfax, who seems to have had an intention or desire to reside here permanently; in July, 1649, Lambert fixed his headquarters here, and there is a fairly well authenticated tradition that Cromwell and Ireton held conferences on state affairs in a meadow forming part of the property, choosing (on account of Ireton's deafness) a spot where there was no danger of their being overheard; but eventually the widowed Countess of Holland was again permitted to take up her

abode in her home. Her son Robert became second Earl of Holland, and made Holland House his principal residence.

But during part of the time between the Restoration and the Georges, the house was let on short leases and even as apartments for lodgers. Among those temporary residents were some remarkable personages, such as the first Earl of Annesley who obtained the title from Charles II. as a reward for his services; Sir John Chardin, the famous Persian traveller; Shippen, the downright Shippen of Pope; Van Dyck, who painted two fine portraits here; the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, illegitimate daughter of James II., her whimsical ladyship was a star of some magnitude in her time; Bishop Atterbury also lived here a short time; but the most interesting and illustrious of these temporary lodgers was the celebrated William Penn, who was even then so famous and his visitors so numerous, that on some occasions two hundred persons would be found waiting to greet this future founder of the now great State of Pennsylvania. William III. and Mary visited here on their arrival in England and had some idea of making it a royal palace.

HOLLAND HOUSE.

The second Earl of Holland lived so quietly here that the only interesting circumstance connected with him is that his son Edward, who succeeded him not only in the title of Earl of Holland, but as fifth Earl of Warwick (in consequence of a failure of heirs in the elder branch), married Charlotte, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddelton of Chirk Castle, who, when a widow, married Addison, "famous for many celebrated works, both in verse and prose."

The marriage is thus mentioned by Johnson: "This year (1716) he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship, perhaps with behaviour not very unlike that of Sir Roger to his disdainful widow, and who, I am afraid, diverted herself often by playing with his passion. . . . His advances at first were certainly timorous but grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased, till at last the lady was persuaded to marry him on terms much like those on which a Turkish Princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be accredited, made no addition to

his happiness. It neither found nor made them equal. She always remembered her own rank and thought herself entitled to treat with very little ceremony the tutor of her son."

Johnson's sole authority was Spence's Anecdotes, whereas two letters from Addison to Lord Warwick in 1708 prove that he was not his domestic tutor. Macaulay, referring to the marriage, says that Addison had lived in Chelsea for some years, when he and the Countess, being country neighbours, became intimate friends. The son of a dignified clergyman, and at the height of literary celebrity, he was guilty of no extraordinary presumption in aspiring to her hand. He was made principal Secretary of State in 1717, and the traditions do not bear out the theory that he quietly accepted the part assigned to him by the great lexicographer. The common belief that they did not live a very comfortable life is conveyed by the quaint remark, that their house though large, could not contain a single guest—peace. But he left her the whole of his fortune, "a proof" (remarks Mackintosh) "either that they lived on friendly terms, or that he was too generous to remember their differences." He also con-

fided his daughter to her affectionate care by his will.

Addison's residence bestowed an undying interest on the old House. The green lane that he used to pace in his meditations is now the Addison Road, lined by large handsome villas. He breathed his last in what is now the dining-room. This was the scene of the parting interview with Gay, when having sent for him he implored his forgiveness,—Gay never knew what for,—and of the still more memorable scene when having sent for the dissolute young Earl of Warwick he solemnly said: "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die!" and shortly after expired.

> "Then taught us how to live, and—oh, too high
> The price of knowledge! taught us how to die."

The young Earl himself died in 1721, and the estates of the Rich family devolved on his cousin, William Edwardes, raised to the Irish peerage by the title of Baron Kensington; and who in 1762 sold them to Henry Fox, who afterwards became first Earl of Holland of the Foxes. He was the youngest son of Sir Stephen Fox, a prominent politician in the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and

Mary, and Queen Anne, who married a second time at the age of seventy-six, and the eldest son of this marriage afterwards became Lord Ilchester, whose descendant, Henry Edward Fox-Sangways, the fifth and present Earl, is now the owner of Holland House.

Henry Fox was no mean orator, but remarkably addicted to the pleasures of the world. He married the daughter of the Duke of Richmond under romantic circumstances, for he eloped with her on the eve of her intended introduction to the suitor provided by her parents. It is said that the marriage proved to be a very happy one. During his last illness, George Selwyn called and left his card; Selwyn had a fondness for seeing dead bodies, and the dying lord, fully comprehending his feeling, is said to have remarked, "If Mr Selwyn calls again, show him up; if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead, he would like to see me."

His illustrious son, Charles James Fox, passed his early years at Holland House; but whilst he is the grand illustration of the Fox family, Holland House is more indebted for its fame to his nephew, Henry Richard, Lord Holland,

and Elizabeth Vassall, Lady Holland, who has left a more marked impression of her individuality than any woman of her age. For they made its circle a cosmopolitan one, and Holland House was among houses what England is among nations — a common ground, where all opinions could freely breathe. They brought together those wits and geniuses who invested it with greater brilliance than it had enjoyed even in the days of Addison. It became the rallying point of Whig political and literary notabilities of all kinds, such as Moore, Rogers and Macaulay, who enjoyed here the hospitality of the distinguished third Baron Holland.

In the gardens is an arbour dedicated to the poet Rogers, with complimentary verses by Luttrell, and a very neat couplet by Lord Holland :—

> "Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
> With me, those pleasures that he sang so well."

Aubrey in his "Miscellanies" relates two supernatural appearances at Holland House, the first to "the beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter to the Earl of Holland, as she was walking in her father's garden at Kensington, when she met with her own apparition, habit

and everything, as in a looking-glass. About a month after, she died of the small-pox." Aubrey's second story is that the third daughter of Lord Holland, not long after her marriage with the first Earl of Breadalbane, "had some such warning of approaching dissolution."

Naturally the spectres of these fair ladies are reputed to haunt the old house, but it has more enduring, more interesting and nobler memories. Associated with the courtly magnificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormond, with the counsels of Cromwell, with the death of Addison, its memory will be more enduringly measured as the favourite resort of painters and poets, scholars and statesmen, writers and wits, beauties and philosophers, a galaxy such as scarcely any other house in the world can boast of having sheltered. Macaulay eloquently expatiating on the impressions which survivors of a nearly extinct generation may retain of the library, says: "They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Baretti, while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation, while Tallyrand

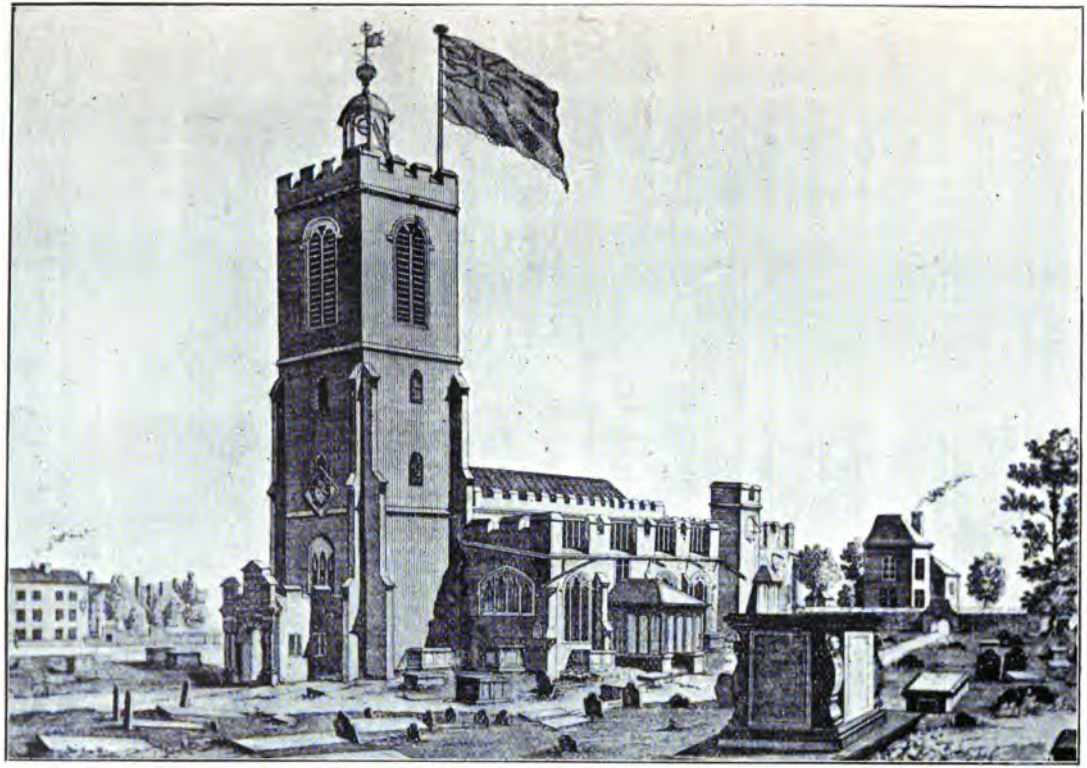
related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, on his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz."

Glowing as is this picture, might not the gifted historian have rendered it more brilliant when he had so long and luminous a beadroll of equal or greater celebrities to choose from, and group as he thought fit? Charles James Fox, Grey, Grenville, Monk Lewis, Sheridan, Windham, Romilly, Tierney, Parr, Horner, Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, Luttrell, Byron, Moore, Rogers, Thurlow, Eldon, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Melbourne, Grattan, Curran, Davy, Lawrence, Landseer, Canova, Chantrey, Guizot, Washington Irving, Alexander and William von Humboldt, Palmerston, Madame de Staël—all these might have been seen conversing in that library. There are enough to fill every niche in that "venerable chamber" if we were to set about re-peopling it with the illustrious dead; nay, there is barely a room in the mansion, or a spot in the grounds, which is not associated with some hallowed image or cherished memory.

St Dunstan's Church, Stepney.

By C. H. Bellamy, F.R.G.S.

THE bygone history of the parish of Stepney, as gleaned from Strype's edition of Stow's "Survey of London"; Lyson's "Environs of London"; Riley's "Memorials of the City of London"; Maitland's "History of London"; Jones's "Notes on the Early Days of Stepney Meeting"; Hill and Frere's "Memorials of Stepney Parish"; Daniell's "London Riverside Churches"; and other works, is of absorbing interest to the antiquarian, the student of history, the ecclesiologist, and the philanthropist. Its story goes back to Saxon times, possibly to the seventh century, for its old Saxon church, dedicated to All Saints, had become so dilapidated at the time of Dunstan's accession to the Bishopric of London in 958 that he rebuilt it. Afterwards he became Archbishop of Canterbury, and eventually was canonized. Tradition says that it was then that, in gratitude for his work of rebuilding, the church was put under his



ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH, STEPNEY, IN 1755.

special patronage, and the dedication changed to St Dunstan, although in some records the duplicate title of "St Dunstan and All Saints" is occasionally given. Whilst Dunstan was Bishop of London, he would no doubt be Lord of the Manor, and occupy the Manor House as a dwelling. That the bishops of London had a residence here is clear from ancient records:—"Given from our Palace of Stebonhyth, or Stebon-heath." (See Newcourt, i. 733; and Pennant ii. 425.) Stepney is also found written Stebenhethe, Stebinhith, and in Domesday Stibenhede. Rather an erroneous idea is given by some of these words as to the origin of the name, for it has no connection with the word "heath," but with the old word "hythe," meaning a small port or harbour, the same termination as survives in the old Thames names of Greenhithe and Rotherhithe. Here we again get traces of the Saxon origin of the place, the first portion of the name being no doubt derived from the Anglo-Saxon *stebb*, a "stubb" or "stump" of a tree. It was probably, a wharf with a stump to which ships were moored, or more likely a wharf at which timber was stored and loaded. Domesday corroborates

the fact that in the eleventh century the manor belonged to the bishops of London; one at least of them—Bishop Eustace—in 1228 was a benefactor to the church, and a succession of bishops appear to have used the manor-house, more or less, as a residence up to the death of Bishop Braybrooke in 1404.

Stepney was at this time one vast parish, comprising almost the whole of the eastern suburbs of the metropolis on the Middlesex side of the Thames, stretching northwards to Hackney, and extending from the City to the river Lea. It was an essentially rustic parish. The bishop had a large area of wooded ground which he had tried to convert into a game preserve in 1292, but though he had gained the King's leave, the Lord Mayor's Court opposed the scheme and put an end to it. But the ecclesiastics of those days, as well as some of later times, were not to be deprived of their sport, and so the bishops amused themselves with tournaments, which were often held near the bishop's palace between the years 1305 and 1311.

While thus enjoying its rustic freedom, its contiguity to the City involved it in some of the

exciting events of those days. For instance, the insurrection which attained such formidable proportions under Wat Tyler in 1381, was largely carried on at Mile End in the Stepney parish.

The parish being so extensive, two chapels of ease were built for the convenience of the parishioners. At the western end there was the White Chapel of St Mary Matfellon; and in 1311 the chapel of Stratford Bow was built close to the Bow Bridge, on a piece of the highway, for the benefit of the easternmost parishioners. The first division of the parish was in 1338, when Whitechapel district was severed from it; and then, in the reign of Charles II., Shadwell; in the eighteenth century, Stratford, Spitalfields, St George's-in-the-East, Limehouse, and Bethnal Green were taken out of it; and early in the present century it lost Poplar and Blackwall.

The whole character of the parish was revolutionised at the time of the development of the navy, and the great growth of ship-building on the Thames, which may be said to have begun in the reign of Henry VII. Although this was principally at Ratcliffe, Blackwall and Deptford, yet slowly and steadily the line of houses began to creep eastward along the banks

of the river. The commercial and exploring spirit of the nation was being aroused, and Stepney had her share in it. Sir Thomas Spert, who was buried in the church, materially assisted in this development by his foundation of the Trinity House in the reign of Henry VIII. (1514), then followed the establishment of the Company of Merchant Adventurers by Sebastian Cabot in 1552; the three voyages of Frobisher, equipped by the Muscovy Company, 1576-80; and the incorporation of the East India Company.

Stepney was profoundly influenced by another great movement, that of religious reform, in which it was always in the van. The New Learning had a great patron in Bishop Fox, whom Henry VII. confirmed in the Vicarage, notwithstanding great opposition; while Dean Colet of St Paul's, the son of Sir Henry Colet, who lived in a large mansion opposite the west end of the church, called The Great Place, and himself for a short time Vicar of St Dunstan's, was the great leader of the same movement on which the subsequent Reformation was built up. Another vicar, William Jerome, paid the penalty of being in advance of his times in his religious

views, and was burnt at Smithfield in 1540. Another strange actor on the scene was Edward Underhill, gentleman, of Limehouse, known as "The Hot Gospeller," always ready to put anyone right as to his religious belief and practice, and very busy on the side of the extreme Reformers.

It may here be mentioned that there was both a rectory and vicarage of Stepney, the former of which was a sinecure. The rectory was in the gift of the Bishops of London, and afterwards in that of the Wentworth family, and the Rector appointed the Vicar. This arrangement continued until 1710 when the offices were united in the person of John Wright, who after having been over thirty years Vicar of Stepney became Rector also. The rectory and advowson had been acquired by Brasenose College, Oxford.

One hundred and fifty years previously the connection of the bishops of London with Stepney, which had existed for at least five hundred years, had abruptly come to an end; for Bishop Ridley on the day of his enthronement, April 12, 1550, had resigned the manor into the hands of King Edward VI., by whom it was immediately granted to Sir Thomas Went-

worth, the Lord Chamberlain of his household, in whose family it remained under very varying fortunes till 1720, when it was sold to John Wicker. Wicker's son sold it again in 1754 to the Colebrooke family, the present lords of the manor.

The church, an old Gothic edifice, is in a very large churchyard, the greater portion of which is tastefully laid out as a very much needed recreation ground for such a crowded parish, being kept in order by the London County Council. It is about midway between Mile End Road and Commercial Road. Its surroundings are, therefore, not so aristocratic at the present day as they were. Gone too has the rural character of Colet's time, for when his friend Erasmus came to his vicarage, he said, "I come to drink your country air, Colet, to drink yet deeper of your rural peace." Shipping and docks now take the place of green fields, indeed every British subject born on the high seas belongs traditionally to Stepney parish.

The church contains a chancel, nave and two aisles, separated from the main body by clustered columns and pointed arches, apparently of the Perpendicular period. It is 114 feet in length

by 54 feet in breadth, and the height to the ceiling of the nave is 31 feet. At the west end is a square battlemented tower about 90 feet high, in which are hung ten bells. The turret in the wall of the south aisle, containing remains of the stairs to the rood-loft, indicates that the chancel formerly extended further westward than at present, and the rector claims the pew rents from this point, which is marked by a thicker pillar. Twenty years ago the Rector received in pew rents £130 per annum, but to meet the necessities of the changed character of the congregation, an attempt is being made to make all the pews free, and in lieu of pew rents the churchwardens now allow the Rector £50 a year.

There is a "squint" in the wall of what was the north chapel, through which persons therein could obtain a view of the high altar. The windows are all of Perpendicular character, but have, together with the external stonework, been repaired and restored. There are galleries on the north and south, but it is intended to have these removed, and to re-pew the body of the church. A comparison of the alterations in the tower since 1725 may be made from the copy

of a view taken in that year, and a recent photograph. The porch at the west door, and the cupola have been removed, and the battlement has apparently been rearranged.

Both the church and the churchyard are rich in monuments and memorials, but particularly the church. One of the most remarkable is that to the memory of Sir Thomas Spert, already referred to as the founder of the Trinity House. It is on the south wall of the chancel, some height from the ground, and the epitaph is as follows:—

"D— O— M—. Hereunder was laid the body of Sir Thomas Spert, Knight, sometime Comptroller of the Navy to King Henry VIII., and both the first Founder and Master of the Society or Corporation of the Trinity House. He lived innobled by his own Worth; and dyed the 8th of September, in the year 1541. To whose pious Memory the said Corporation hath gratefully erected this Memorial.

Not that he needed Monument of Stone,
For his well-gotten Fame to rest upon:
But this was reared to testify that he
Lives in their Loves, that yet surviving be.
For unto Virtue, which first raised his Name,
He left the Preservation of the same.

ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH TOWER, 1898.

And to Posterity remain it shall
When Brass and Marble Monuments do fall.
Learn for to die while thou has Breath
So shall thou live after thy Death."

On the opposite side of the chancel, within the communion rails, is the elaborate altar tomb of Sir Henry Colet, father of Dean Colet, and who was twice Lord Mayor. He was a member of the Mercers' Company, and the tomb has always been kept in repair by them.

Also within the communion rails is the monument of Benjamin Kenton, one of the benefactors of the Vintners' Company, and through them the poor of this parish. He was a native of Stepney, and began life as a potman, but amassed great wealth in commercial pursuits. A commemoration sermon attended by the Vintners' Company is preached annually in the month of June, for which he left a benefaction of two guineas. He died in the year 1800, at the age of eighty-two.

On the north of the nave is a monument with bust in memory of Sir John Berry, a gallant officer, who died aged fifty-four, in 1689. Against the west wall is a monument to his widow, Dame Rebecca, who married for her second husband, Thomas Elton of Stratford Bow, and died in

1696. Upon it are the following very quaint lines inscribed in her honour:—

"Come ladies, ye that would appear
Like angels fine, come dress you here;
Come dress you at this marble stone,
And make this humble grave your own,
Which once adorn'd as fair a mind
As ere yet lodged in womankind.
So she was dress'd, whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife,
Free from all envious brawls and jars,
Of human life the civil wars;
These ne'er disturbed her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind.
Her very looks, her garb, her mien,
Disclos'd the humble soul within.
Trace her through every scene of life,
View her as widow, virgin, wife;
Still the same humble she appears,
The same in youth, the same in years;
The same in low and high estate,
Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er moved with that.
Go, ladies, now, and if you'd be
As fair, as great, and good as she,
Go learn of her humility."

This memorial is commonly called the "Fish and Ring" monument, because a fish and ring appear in the arms with which it is emblazoned. Their appearance occasioned a tradition that Dame Rebecca was the heroine of the ballad entitled

The Cruel Knight; or, Fortunate Farmer's Daughter, the story of which is to this effect: A Knight, well skilled in magic, discovers that a child has been newly born who is destined to be his wife; but as she is a maiden of low degree, he endeavours to avoid his fate, and with this object seeks to destroy her. When she is grown to womanhood he leads her to the seashore with the intention of drowning her, but finally agrees to spare her life on condition that she shall never come into his presence again unless she brings with her a certain ring which he forthwith casts into the sea. She afterwards finds the ring in a fish she is cooking, and she and the knight are married.

There are several memorials in the church to members of the Charrington family, one of them, the south-east window, being to the memory of Lieutenant Harold Charrington, R.A., son of Spencer Charrington of this parish, who was killed by Arabs in the desert of Mount Sinai, in 1882.

The immense churchyard contains a vast number of tombs, but the older ones which stood close to the church walls have been removed during alterations, and some have fallen to pieces, so

that it is not easy to find anything of historical interest in this wide-spreading place of sepulture. One prominent tomb is that of Matthew Mead, a Puritan divine, who ministered at Shadwell until he was ejected under the Act of Uniformity in 1662. His son was Dr Richard Mead, for many years the most eminent physician of his time, but for whose skill and care the *Night Thoughts* would never have been written, as Young himself has gratefully put on record :—

"How late I shuddered on the brink! How late
Life called for her last refuge in despair!
That time is mine, O Mead! to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with eternity.
But ill my genius answers my desire;
My sickly song is mortal past thy cure.
Accept the will; that dies not with my strain!"

And again he remarks that he is

"Alive by miracle; or what is next,
Alive by Mead!"

Another epitaph records the valiant deeds of Rear-Admiral Sir John Leake at Londonderry in 1689, Newfoundland in 1702, Malaga and Gibraltar in 1704, Barcelona, etc., in 1706.

One tombstone attracts attention by the oddity of its inscription :—

"To the memory of Betsey Harris, who died sud-

denly while contemplating the beauties of the moon, the 24th of June 1831, in her 23rd year."

John Strype, that good old historian and antiquary, to whose untiring industry we owe so much valuable information, mentions the burial here of his father and two brothers.

St Dunstan's—and its worshippers in the past, as well as the parish of Stepney as a whole—have occupied a noble place in the making of English history; and though the parish has become a very different thing to what it was, and its history has become much narrower and of less general interest, yet there is a praiseworthy effort on the part of those with influence that St Dunstan's shall still continue to be a centre of usefulness, upholding the grand traditions of its past.

Merrie Islington.

By Thomas Frost.

THE name enjoyed by this now populous district in what used to be regarded as "the good old times" appears to have been bestowed upon it in that far distant age when the fields and common lands which spread all round the village were the play-grounds of the growing cities of London and Westminster. Fitzstephen, describing the northern vicinage of these cities in the last quarter of the twelfth century, says:—"On the north are fields for pastures, and open meadows, very pleasant, into which the river waters do flow, and mills are turned with a delightful noise. The arable lands are no hungry pieces of gravel ground, but like the rich fields of Asia, which bring plentiful corn, and fill the barns of the owners with a dainty crop of the fruits of Ceres." Beyond these, he adds, "an immense forest extends itself, beautified with woods and groves, and full of the lairs and coverts of beasts and game, stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls."

The broad expanse of green between the northern wall of London and the villages of Islington and Hoxton appear to have become recognised as the recreation ground of the city as early as the reign of Henry II., for Fitz-stephen describes the scholars and their teachers going there to play at ball, and their elders to look upon their pastimes, or to amuse themselves with hawking or coursing. We do not, as we might expect to do, hear of the practice of archery until the reign of Edward III., by whose order proclamation was made that every able-bodied citizen should, on all holidays, exercise with long-bow or cross-bow, instead of wasting his time in playing at hand-ball, foot-ball, bandy (a game akin to hockey), or cock-fighting. In the following reign an Act was passed requiring all men-servants to practise archery on Sundays and holidays; and nowhere were the butts more numerous than in the neighbourhood of Islington.

Game appears to have been plentiful at one time about Islington, but perhaps was diminishing in the reign of Henry VIII., who, by a proclamation issued in 1546, prohibited the hunting or coursing of hares and the hawking

of partridges, pheasants, and herons in the area "from Westminster to St Giles-in-the-Fields, and from thence to Islington, to Our Lady of the Oak, to Highgate, to Hornsey Park, and to Hampstead Heath." The common lands were at this time becoming enclosed in so many directions that complaint was made that men could not walk where they had been used to do, nor shoot at the butts, without being molested. Hall, whose sympathies seem to have been strongly with the aggrieved, relates that one morning an artisan, disguised as a jester, led a mob from the City, shouting "Shovels and spades!" and so many followed him, equipped with those implements, that in a short space of time all the hedges surrounding the enclosures were levelled and the ditches filled up. The crowds then dispersed quietly, "after which," says Hall, with evident satisfaction, "those fields were never hedged," though it would have been discernible to a more far-seeing writer that a time would come when there would be no fields about Islington to hedge.

Archery began to decline in the reign of Elizabeth, but Stow describes the men of the

City as still frequenting the northern fields, "to walk, shoot, and otherwise recreate and refresh their dulled spirits in the sweet and wholesome air." It was the custom, he tells us, for the Corporation officials and employés to challenge the men of the suburbs to wrestle or shoot with them in the fields. We learn from the old chronicler, however, that the enclosures, which were again taking place and increasing in number and extent, were driving those who formerly found their recreation in the fields into bowling alleys and gambling houses.

Islington was then, and for a long time afterwards, especially in the summer, a favourite resort of holiday-makers from London, who rambled there to eat cakes and syllabubs, and as early as 1575 a minstrel sounded the praises of the Islington dairies in the grand entertainment given by the Earl of Leicester to Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle. The Islington dairies, the company were told, supplied wedding parties in London with fine furmenty for porridge, pure milk for "flawnery"—whatever that may have been, unadulterated cream for custards, and the best fresh butter for pasties.

It was proposed that the arms of Islington should be three milk tankards proper on a field of clotted cream, three green cheeses on a shelf of cake-bread, and a furmenty bowl, stuck with horn spoons; the supporters, a grey mare (used to carry the milk pails) and her foal; and the motto, "*Lac caseus infans*," or "fresh cheese and cream," the cry of the London milk-women.

Wither, in his "Britannia's Remembrances," published in 1628, describing the holiday recreations of the people of London, says:—

"Some by the banks of Thames their pleasure taking,
Some sillibubs among the milkmaids making,
With music some upon the waters rowing,
Some to the next adjoining hamlets going;
And Hogsdon, Islington, and Tot'nam Court
For cakes and cream had there no small resort."

Many similar allusions are to be found in the poets and dramatists of the period. Davenant describes in pleasant, homely verse the preparations of a citizen and his family for a day's "outing" at Islington, how the wife—

"In snow-white clout wrapt nook of pye,
Fat capon's wing and rabbit's thigh,"

called a hackney coach, and desired the coachman to "drive to place where groweth cream,"

and how her husband called his son and his dog to accompany him in a duck-hunting excursion to the ponds on Islington Green. One of these ponds was near the White Conduit House, in Back Road, and another in East Lane, where, at a later period, the New River reservoir was constructed.

In the prologue to a comedy entitled "The Walks of Islington and Hogsden, with the Humours of Wood Street Compter," by Thomas Jordan, 1641, the scene of which is laid at the Saracen's Head, Islington, the author refers as follows to the visitors to the taverns and dairies of the village and the refreshments there provided for them:—

"Though the scene be Islington, we swear
We will not blow you up with bottle beer,
Cram ye with creams and fools which sweetly please
Ladies of fortune and young 'prentices,
Who, when the supervisors come to find 'em,
Quake like the custard which they leave behind 'em."

Browne, in his "New Academy," published in 1658, alludes to the "cream and cake boys," who took their sweethearts to Islington or Hogsden, as Hoxton was then called, to feast on white pots, pies, puddings, stewed prunes, and

tansies, on the charges made for which some curious information is given (if the dramatist's representations may be accepted as being based on a stratum of truth) in "The Merry Milk-maid of Islington," the date of which is 1681. Sir Jeffery and Lady Jolt, with a friend named Lovechange, have been refreshing themselves—and very liberally, it would seem—at a house of entertainment at Islington, and are about to pay the bill, which amounts to nine and elevenpence. Sir Jeffery asks for the items, which the tapster proceeds to enumerate as follows:—"Cakes two shillings, ale as much, a quart of mortified claret eighteen pence, stewed prunes a shilling, a quart of cream half-a-crown." Lady Jolt objects to the last item as excessive, to which the man replies, "Not if you consider how many carriers' eggs miscarried in the making of it; and the charge of isinglas, and other ingredients to make cream of the sour milk." The lady still demurs to the charges, the items not amounting to the total, on which the tapster adds to them "two threepenny papers of sugar, a shilling; then you had bread, sir—a pound of sausages, and forty other things make it right. Our bar never errs."

The celebrity which Islington enjoyed for its cream and its cakes, its taverns and tea-gardens, was maintained throughout the eighteenth century. George Colman, in a comedy entitled "Islington Spa," acted at Drury Lane Theatre in 1756, gives a lively sketch of the preparations of a citizen's family for a journey from the City to their country house at Islington, which seems to have been attended with as much excitement as at the present day might be occasioned by a visit to Scarborough or Torquay. Cold fowls and tongues had to be packed, and places to be booked in the three-horse coach which started for the pleasant village from an inn at the end of Cheapside. Sunday excursions continued to be made to "the place where groweth cream," the praises of which Davenant had sounded a century before, and Bonnel Thornton, who had probably partaken of their delights, sketches them pleasantly in the *Connoisseur*.

There were, however, drawbacks to the calm enjoyment of these rural excursions even in "Merrie Islington," though it may be that they only added the zest of excitement to the attractions of the place. Towards the middle of

the last century the roads between the village and the City began to be infested by highwaymen and footpads, so that it became customary for persons who made the journey on foot after the evening shade had fallen on the unlighted roads to wait at the end of St John Street until a strong group had collected, and even then to be frequently escorted by an armed patrol. We find it recorded in the *London Magazine* in 1742 that scarcely a night passed without a robbery being committed between the Turk's Head, near Wood's Close, and the road leading to Goswell Street. Thirty years later the inhabitants of the village raised a fund for rewarding persons who apprehended robbers, in consequence of many houses having been broken into, and the coach running between Islington and the City having been stopped by highwaymen and the passengers robbed on several recent occasions. These and even more serious crimes continued, however, to be committed in the lanes around Islington down to the end of the century. In 1782, a clerk in the custom-house named Herd, though accompanied by a friend and two servants, all armed, was attacked in the fields near the Shepherd and Shepherdess while

returning from London by several men armed with cutlasses and pistols, by one of whom (who was afterwards hanged) he was shot dead. In 1797, an attorney named Fryer was attacked by three footpads and shot through the head. Two of the fellows were hanged for this murder, but the third man afterwards confessed, when about to suffer for another crime, that he was the actual murderer.

A drawing of Islington in the last quarter of the eighteenth century shows a row of two and three-storied houses on each side and a number of cottages clustering round the church. In the centre of the foreground is an irregularly shaped open space, surrounded by wooden railings and shaded on two sides by trees, beneath which sheep are ruminating or grazing. Down the road on one side comes a post-chaise, raising a cloud of dust, followed by a tilted waggon, while on the other a stage-coach, with four horses attached, proceeds in the opposite direction. The scene is very different at the present day. Clerkenwell has drawn close to Islington, and the two, with Pentonville, have spread over all the space that less than a century ago was fields and gardens, intersected by green lanes

and footpaths. Even the old inns of Islington have long disappeared. The most interesting of these, and the first to fall in the onward march of improvement, was the Queen's Head, at the corner of the street named after it, which was demolished in 1829.

Lewis describes the old house as "a strong wood and plaster building of three lofty stories, projecting over each other in front, and forming bay windows, supported by brackets and carved figures. The centre, which projected several feet beyond the other part of the building, and formed a commodious porch, to which there was a descent of several steps, was supported in front by caryatides of carved oak standing on either side of the entrance and crowned with Ionic scrolls. The house is said to have been once entered by an *ascent* of several steps, but at the time it was pulled down the floor of its front parlour was four feet below the level of the highway; and this alteration is easily accounted for when the antiquity of the building, the vast accumulation of matter upon the road in the course of many centuries, and the fact of an arch having been thrown over the New River in the front of the house, are considered.

The interior of the house was constructed in a similar manner to that of most of the old buildings in the parish, having oak panelled wainscots and stuccoed ceilings. The principal room was the parlour already alluded to, the ceiling of which was ornamented with dolphins, cherubs, acorns, &c., surrounded by a wreathed border of fruit and foliage, and had, near the centre, a medallion of a character apparently Roman, crowned with bays, and a small shield containing the initials I. M., surrounded by cherubim and glory. The chimney-piece was supported by two figures carved in stone, hung with festoons, &c."

Another of the old inns of Islington no longer in existence was the Pied Bull, demolished in or about 1830. It stood in the rear of Frederick Street; and was originally either the residence or the property of Sir Walter Raleigh, a distinction claimed also for the Queen's Head, but apparently on insufficient grounds. In the parlour window, looking upon the garden, there was some curious stained glass, containing armorial bearings, surrounded by an ornamental border of mermaids and sea-horses, birds and foliage. The arms are those of Sir John Miller, who occupied

the house at a date subsequent to the execution of Raleigh, and is supposed to have substituted them for those of his predecessor. The chimney-piece in this room contained figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, in stucco, with their usual insignia; and the ceiling was adorned with figures, in stucco, representing the five senses personified, with appropriate Latin mottoes.

Another old inn, which was pulled down some years earlier, but only to be rebuilt on the same site, was the well-known Angel, which has existed as an inn for considerably more than two centuries. "It presented," says Lewis, "the usual features of a large old country inn, having a long front, with an overhanging tiled roof, and two rows of windows, twelve in each row, independently of those on the basement story. The principal entrance was beneath a projection, which extended along a portion of the front, and had a wooden gallery at the top." The present inn is, and has for many years been, the starting-point of the omnibuses running between Islington and the City.

But for many persons the greatest amount of interest in matters Islingtonian will centre in the house in which Charles Lamb lived during the

first three years, 1823-6, after he retired from the civil service of the India Company. "I have a cottage," he wrote to Bernard Barton, "in Colebrooke Row, Islington — a cottage, for it is detached—a white house with six good rooms in it. The New River (rather elderly by this time) runs (if a moderate walking pace can be so termed) close to the foot of the house; and behind is a spacious garden, with vines (I assure you), pears, strawberries, parsnips, leeks, carrots, cabbages, to delight the heart of old Alcinous. You enter without passage into a cheerful dining-room, all studded over and rough with old books; and above is a lightsome drawing-room, three windows, full of choice prints. I feel like a lord, never having had a house before."

The Old Chelsea Physic Garden.

By John T. Page.

It is pleasant to note all plants,
From the rush to the spreading cedar,
From the giant king of palms to the
Lichen that staineth its stem.

Tupper.

THOSE who have journeyed by steamer on the Thames "above bridge" will remember that near the western end of the Chelsea Embankment an old weather-beaten flat-topped cedar forms a prominent feature of the landscape on the Middlesex side of the river. This tree marks the site of the old Physic Garden, and has braved the storms of more than a couple of centuries. There were originally four of these trees, which were brought from Lebanon in 1683, and at the time of their planting were three years old and about three feet high. After growing for upwards of a century the trunks measured over 12 ft. in girth 2 ft. from the ground. The trees were severely injured by a snowstorm in 1809, and eventually two of them

succumbed—the third lasted until 1878, when it, too, disappeared.

The Physic Garden is 3 acres 1 rood and 35 perches in extent, and like its now solitary cedar dates back to the days of the "Merry Monarch," having been established by the Worshipful Company of Apothecaries in the year 1673. The diarist, John Evelyn, mentions that he first saw growing in this garden the tea shrub and the tulip tree. The following extract from his diary, dated 7th August, 1685, is brimful of interest:—"I went to see Mr Wats, keeper of the Apothecaries' Garden of Simples at Chelsea, where there is a collection of innumerable rarities of that sort particularly, besides many rare animals, the tree bearing Jesuit's bark, which had done such wonders in quartan agues. What was very ingenious was the subterranean heat, conveyed by a stove under the conservatory, which was all vaulted with brick, so as he has the doores and windowes open in the hardest frosts, secluding only the snow." It is important to note that here we have details of the first hothouse ever erected in England.

The original lease of the ground to the Apothecaries' Company was for a term of sixty-

one years, at a rental of £5 per annum, but thirteen years before its expiration the manor changed hands. In 1721 the eminent botanist and "father of natural history," Sir Hans Sloane, acquired the manor of Chelsea by purchase from Lord Cheyne, and thus became owner of the ground occupied by the old Physic Garden. The same year he made it over to the Apothecaries' Company under a new foundation, directing that it "should at all times be continued as a physic garden for the manifestation of the power, and wisdom, and goodness of God in creation: and that the apprentices might learn to distinguish good and useful plants from hurtful ones." Amongst the conditions of its tenure by the Apothecaries were the following:—

"(1) That the Company pay a Quitrent of five pounds per annum for the said piece or parcel of ground; and for ever to employ the same for a Physick Garden.

"(2) That the Company shall annually deliver to the President and Fellows of the Royal Society, at one of their publick meetings, fifty specimens or samples of different sorts of plants, well cured and the growth of the said Physick Garden, till the number of such specimens amount to two thousand. But in case of nonperformance, the said parcel of ground, or garden, to go to the President and Fellows aforesaid, to be held by them upon the same conditions; other than that the Society are to deliver the abovementioned number of specimens of plants to the President and Com-

monality of the Faculty of Physick of the City of London. And in case of nonperformance of the said conditions by the Royal Society, then the said spot of ground, or garden, to devolve to the Faculty of Physick aforesaid."

The specimens were duly presented by the Apothecaries and the lists were published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. When 2550 plants had been presented the custom lapsed. The garden was now in the zenith of its fame in the history of botany. In 1736 the great Linnæus visited England, and was received at the physic garden by Philip Miller, the curator and author of the well-known "Gardener's Dictionary." He appears, however, to have been somewhat displeased that more deference was not paid to him by Sir Hans Sloane, and this fact probably hastened his return to Stockholm. Pope here met Sir Hans, for in one of his cumbrous letters he says: "I will first wait on you at Chelsea and embrace there the satisfaction you can better than any man afford me of so extensive a view of nature in her most curious works." Amongst the great names of those who here studied botany that of Sir Joseph Banks stands pre-eminent.

In 1733 the Apothecaries determined to erect

a marble statue of Sir Hans Sloane in the garden. Michael Rysbrach was the sculptor: the work cost £280, was finished in 1737, and erected in front of the greenhouse. It has since been removed to its present position in the centre of the garden. As it was sculptured during the subject's life-time, it may be presumed to be a good likeness. Unfortunately the action of the weather has now rendered its surface quite rough, and of the texture of stone, "worn and chipped by the assaults of a hundred and fifty winters." Until his death at the age of 93, on the 11th of January, 1753, Sir Hans devoted much personal attention to the garden, and by his will permitted the Apothecaries to continue holding it in perpetuity, at the same nominal rent. It is worthy of note that although a native of Ireland he studied his favourite science at Chelsea soon after the garden was first established, and was eventually buried in Chelsea churchyard.

At the time of its foundation the Physic Garden was situated quite in the country. Since then London has gradually crept outwards, and surrounded it on all sides except the river front. Even as far back as 1851, "the disadvantages of its situation" are spoken of, notwithstanding

which it still produced "very many of the drugs which figure in the *London Pharmacopœa*."

The botanical curiosities with which the garden was furnished were obtained from all parts of the world, but we also hear of the Company making an annual excursion in search of specimens in the environs of London. Thus on Tuesday, August 18th, 1772, they explored "Battersea, Wandsworth, Putney, Chiswick, etc., after which they dined at the 'King of Bohemia's Head,' at Turnham Green." When searching the neighbourhood of Woodford (Essex), it is recorded that the Company always dined with John Warner, Esq., of that place. He afterwards published the results of their excursions under the title *Plantæ Woodfordiensis*. The following reference to the garden is taken from Bohn's "Pictorial Handbook of London," published in 1854: "The garden . . . is entered by a gate in a side lane. It covers only a small area, and is not laid out for much ornamental effect. On entering by the gate we have mentioned the principal plant houses are nearly straight before the visitor, being only a trifling distance to the right. The herbaceous garden and more decorated part lies to the left,

and the medical department, with the lecture room and offices at the back of it, are on the extreme right. The first thing to be noticed is an ancient cork tree, which is a good deal enfeebled by the bad atmosphere, but is large and tolerably sound. This must have been one of the first specimens introduced into Britain."

Before the present embankment was constructed, the waters of the Thames washed the walls of the garden at flood-tide, and a landing stairs led up to the iron gate which formed the river entrance. A fine engraving of this gate, showing the old cedar-tree in the background, appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of April 19th, 1873.

As the garden can only be viewed by an order from the Apothecaries' Company, it is but little known to the denizens of London. Suffice it to say that it is still well kept, and that whatever degeneration from the original ideal may have occurred is solely due to the exigencies of its situation.

The Chelsea Local Board once tried to secure the spot as a public garden, but were prevented from doing so by the terms of the bequest. If the Apothecaries ever give it up, it would natu-

rally fall into the hands of the Lord of the Manor, to whom its value as a building site would undoubtedly be very considerable.

In 1890 an attempt was made by Lord Cadogan, the present Lord of the Manor, to induce the Apothecaries to dispose of the garden. Although its contents might advantageously be removed to a healthier site, it would be a thousand pities if such a splendid historical memorial were for any reason to be destroyed.

Just as this article is finished, comes an announcement that the Apothecaries' Company have applied to the Charity Commissioners for the establishment of a scheme for the future administration of the trusts which regulate the garden. The trustees of the London Parochial Charities have offered to relieve the Apothecaries of their burden, and propose to maintain the garden in compliance with the terms of the will of Sir Hans Sloane. The severance of old associations is, of course, to be regretted, but possibly under the new *regime* the old Physic Garden may increase its usefulness, and become, like Kew and Regent's Park, a popular educational centre for the general public.

The Tea-Gardens of the Eighteenth Century.

By Thomas Frost.

IN the far-away time when the slopes north of London were clothed with verdure, and had only begun to be dotted with villas,—when the shriek of the railway whistle had not been heard, scaring away the birds that warbled in the fields and groves, and rural spots could be reached by a pleasant walk,—the tea-gardens to be found on every country road were favourite resorts on holidays and summer evenings of the grandfathers and grandmothers of the present generation of Londoners. From Hornsey on the north-east to Fulham on the south-west, these resorts were numerous enough to meet the requirements and suit the convenience of the dwellers in every part of London.

"About a mile nearer to London than Hornsey," observes a writer in the *Ambulator*

in 1774, "is a coppice of young trees called Hornsey Wood, at the entrance of which is a public-house, to which great numbers of persons resort from the City." The house referred to was originally a little road-side place of entertainment, with two or three old oaks before it, beneath which ramblers could rest and refresh themselves. It was much frequented by anglers, there being an approach from the New River across a meadow. As its frequenters became more numerous, it was enlarged, and the grounds laid out as tea-gardens. Hone says of it in his "Every-day Book," — "The old Hornsey Wood House well became its situation; it was embowered, and seemed a part of the wood. Two sisters, a Mrs Lloyd and a Mrs Collier, kept the house; they were ancient women, large in size, and usually sat before their door on a seat fixed between two venerable oaks, wherein swarms of bees hived themselves. Here the venerable and cheerful dames tasted many a refreshing cup with their good-natured customers, and told tales of bygone days, till, in very old age, one of them passed to her grave, and the other followed in a few months afterwards. Each died regretted

by the frequenters of the rural dwelling, which was soon afterwards pulled down, and the oaks felled, to make room for the present roomy and more fashionable building." This was the Hornsey Wood Tavern, which was, in its turn, demolished in 1866, the grounds now forming a portion of the area known as Finsbury Park, the reason for which name is undiscoverable.

More westward, at Highbury, was a farm-house, to which Londoners came in the summer to eat cakes and drink new milk, and which in later years was converted into a tavern with a tea-garden attached, which appropriated the name of Highbury Barn, given to a building then added to it from the circumstance of its having been built on the site of the barn belonging to the mansion of the prior of the Knights of St John, destroyed by the revolted serfs in the reign of Richard II. Not far from here was the famous White Conduit House, so named from an old stone conduit, which supplied the neighbourhood with water until the New River was formed, at which time the old source of supply had proved insufficient for the increased population. An advertise-

ment of this popular place of resort in 1754 announced as among its attractions a long walk, pleasant shady arbours, hot loaves and butter, new milk, tea, and other beverages, and a handsome long room, with "copious prospects and airy situation." Twenty years later we find it described as having boxes for tea, cut into the hedges, and adorned with pictures, two handsome tea-rooms, and pleasant garden walks. Subsequently, however, the place fell into disrepute, and at length, in 1829, the house was demolished, and streets built on the gardens.

An advertisement of the "Royal Bagnigge Wells, between the Foundling Hospital and Islington," announces that there "ladies and gentlemen may depend upon having the best tea, coffee, hot loaves, &c.," and the prologue to Colman's "Bon Ton," published in the same year (1775), notices the place in the following terms:—

> "Ah, I loves life and all the joy it yields,
> Says Madam Fupock, warm from Spittlefields,
> Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
> And riding in a one-horse chair on Sunday;
> 'Tis drinking tea on summer afternoons
> At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt spoons."

Churchill, four years later, described the gardens as a place—

> "Where 'prentice youths enjoy the Sunday feast,
> And city matrons boast their Sabbath rest;
> Where unpledged Templars first as fops parade,
> And new made ensigns sport their first cockade."

An old engraving, which appears to have formed the frontispiece of a book, and is described as "a view taken from the centre bridge in the gardens of Bagnigge Wells," shows several rustic bowers and a railed pond, in the centre of which is the figure of a boy clasping a swan, from the beak of which six jets of water issue.

Let us now turn southward for a while. "At the beginning of this century," says Mr Jacob Larwood, in his "History of Signboards," "when Marylebone consisted of green fields, babbling brooks, and pleasant suburban retreats, there was a small but picturesque house of public entertainment, yclept the Queen's Head and Artichoke, situated in a lane nearly opposite Portland Road, and about five hundred yards from the road that leads from Paddington to Finsbury, —now Albany Street. Its attractions chiefly consisted in a long skittle and 'bumble-puppy'

ground, shadowy bowers, and abundance of cream, tea, cakes, and other creature comforts. The only memorial now remaining of the original house is an engraving in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1819. The queen was Queen Elizabeth, and the house was reported to have been built by one of her gardeners: whence the strange combination on the sign." Not far from this place was the Jew's Harp Tavern and tea-gardens, the latter of much smaller dimensions than those situated farther from London, but similarly provided with thickly-foliaged bowers for the accommodation of visitors.

At the junction of Hampstead Road with Euston Road stands a public-house called the Adam and Eve, the predecessor of which Hone, in his "Year-Book," identifies with the old manor house of Totten Hall. The older tavern was formerly famous for its tea-gardens, which Hone says he remembered when it was a one-storied building, standing alone, "with spacious gardens at the side and in the rear, a fore-court with large timber trees, and tables and benches for out-door customers. In the gardens were fruit-trees, and bowers and arbours for tea-drink-

ing parties." The gardens were at that time resorted to by thousands of visitors, forming a pleasant termination of a short walk into the country, the neighbourhood being then quite rural. Towards the end of the century, they fell into disrepute, as many similar places did, through becoming the resort of bad characters, and incurred the condemnation of the magistrates. The organ was removed from the long room of the tavern, and the gardens were divided into building plots, forming the site of the present Eden Street.

The Bedford Arms (now the Bedford Music-hall), in Arlington Road, Camden Town, also had tea-gardens attached to it, as also had the Castle Tavern, in Kentish Town Road, which was then bordered by hawthorn hedges. Near the old church of St Pancras there was another Adam and Eve tavern, also with tea-gardens attached, which, down to the beginning of the present century, were a very favourite resort. Here, the facetious Tom Brown tells us, in his "London Walks," "skittles and quoits, accompanied, of course, with pipes and tobacco, offered their fascinations to the male customers; while the ladies and juveniles were beguiled with cakes

and ale, tea and shrimps, strawberries and cream, syllabubs and junkets, swings and mazes, lovers' walks and woodbine bowers." Close at hand there was the rival establishment of St Pancras Wells, with the attraction of a mineral spring added to the tea-gardens, which an advertisement of 1769 informed the public "are as genteel and rural as any round this metropolis; the best of tea, coffee, and hot loaves, every day, may always be depended on, with neat wines, curious punch, Dorchester, Marlborough, and Ringwood beers, Burton, Yorkshire, and other fine ales, and cyder; and also cows kept to accommodate ladies and gentlemen with new milk and cream, and syllabubs in the greatest perfection." There were here two long rooms capable of seating two hundred persons. Farther north, on the farther side of Hampstead Heath, was the still existing Spaniards Inn, which also had, and still has, a tea-garden and bowling-green. The origin of the name is unknown, and even Mr Larwood has thrown no light upon it. It is variously derived from the fact of a Spanish ambassador having occupied the house in the reign of James I., and from its having been first converted into a tavern by a Spaniard.

Farther west is the Old Welsh Harp tavern, in the rear of which, and bordering a large sheet of water called Kingsbury Lake, are pleasant tea-gardens, as much frequented now as in former times, boating and fishing forming a special attraction. The so-called lake is, however, really a reservoir, formed sixty years ago for the purpose of supplying with water the Regent's Canal. The whole neighbourhood is still much more rural than any part of the country within the same distance from the interminable brick and mortar wilderness of London, the meadows about Kingsbury and Hendon being intersected by green lanes and field-paths, bordered by flowery hawthorn hedges, while the river Brent meanders through them on its way to the Thames. At Golder's Green, pleasantly situated on the road from Hendon to Hampstead, there is the White Swan tavern, which still has its tea-gardens, a favourite resort of holiday-folk from the over-crowded metropolis in the summer, the rural scenery of the neighbourhood adding much to the attractions of the place. Akenside, who was a frequent visitor to this charming spot, where his friend Dyson, clerk to the House of Commons, resided, apostrophises it as follows in

one of his poems, written on his recovery from illness in 1758 :—

"Thy verdant scenes, O Golder's Hill,
Once more I seek, a languid guest;
With throbbing temples and with burdened breast,
Once more I climb thy steep aërial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the springs of life with gentler movement play."

Turn we now to the south-west, where, at Fulham, between the house called the Pryor's Bank and the bridge, there formerly stood a picturesque old water-side tavern, with a wooden porch and many high gables, with the sign of the Swan. It had a tea-garden attached, from which the visitors, while taking tea or other refreshment, could look upon the river, with its moving picture of passing boats and barges. The house is supposed to have been built towards the end of the seventeenth century, the date 1698 appearing in the iron work which supported the sign when Chatelaine published his suburban views in 1740, and a shilling of William III., dated 1696, having been found, with other old coins, by the labourers engaged in removing the ruins after the fire by which the house was destroyed in 1871. Nearer

Westminster were the Gun Tavern and tea-gardens, demolished to make room for improvements at Buckingham Gate; and near Ebury Bridge a favourite place of entertainment bearing the singular name of Jenny's Whim, to which there are several allusions in the *Connoisseur* and in the letters of Horace Walpole. We read in a story of the time of George I., entitled "Maids of Honour," that "attached to the place there were gardens and a bowling-green, and parties were frequently made, composed of ladies and gentlemen, to enjoy a day's amusement there in eating strawberries and cream, cake, syllabub, and other refreshments, of which a great variety could be procured, with cider, perry, ale, wine, and other liquors. The gentlemen played at bowls—some at skittles; whilst the ladies amused themselves with a swing, or walked about the garden, admiring the sunflowers and hollyhocks, the Duke of Marlborough cut out of a filbert tree, and the roses and daisies, currants and gooseberries, that spread their alluring charms in every part." It is singular that a place once so well known, and for a long time so largely patronised, should have become so entirely forgotten as it now appears to be.

The Old Wells of Middlesex.

By John T. Page.

"Not one of the faculty ever had try'd
These excellent waters to cure his own hide;
Tho' many a skilful and learned physician,
With candor, good sense, and profound erudition,
Obliges the world with the fruit of his brain,
Their nature and hidden effects to explain."

BEFORE the advent of the continuous water supply by means of reservoirs, pipes, and taps, a salubrious well of water in close proximity to a dwelling-house was almost a necessity. As London extended itself outside the city boundary, its natural wells formed centres around which gathered communities of people who, as their numbers increased and space became congested, gave the name of the well to the locality. Thus we have Holywell, Clerkenwell, Shadwell, and many other such names.

In the very earliest times, the citizens of London obtained their water within the walls from the River of Wells, the Wall-brook, and other small rivulets, but in the twelfth century, the

supply having run short, a scheme was inaugurated for bringing water into the city by means of pipes from the six wells of Tyburn. Other outlying wells also ultimately became used for the supply of the city conduits, the pipes through which the water flowed being constructed either of lead or of wood. In the year 1890 the writer was present in Clifford Street, a small street running out of New Bond Street, in the west end of London, when the paviors came across some of these old wooden pipes in excavating the roadway. Close by is Conduit Street, which seems to be suggestive of the destination of the water which once flowed through the circular channel burnt out of these solid oak trunks.

At many points the neighbourhood of London has been found remarkable for its natural mineral waters, principally of a saline or chalybeate nature, but very few of these old mineral springs could now be located. Wells have been choked and streams diverted to make way for bricks and mortar and macadam, which now everywhere reign supreme, to the eternal detriment of all things natural and beautiful.

The medicinal properties of many mineral springs, such as those of Bath, Buxton, Chelten-

ham, Leamington, etc., are well known and still appreciated by some, in spite of rival continental attractions. But away down the centuries when people were less educated, and consequently more superstitious, nearly every natural well was termed "holy," and its waters were deemed efficacious in alleviating all kinds of diseases, or as an antidote against spells and witchcraft. Cold spring water is undoubtedly a splendid salve for the eyes, and it is therefore easily explained why many miraculous cures of sore eyes, technically known as ophthalmia, are reported amongst those who bathed their eyes in some particular well.

St Ceada, or St Chad, sometime Bishop of Lichfield, who died in A.D. 673, became on his canonization the patron saint of medicinal springs or wells. It is therefore common to find his name attached to many such fountains. Two at least existed in the county of Middlesex. The name

SHADWELL,

like the Chadwells of Essex and Herts, is undoubtedly a contraction of St Chad's Well. This well formerly issued from beneath the south

wall of Shadwell churchyard, but has long ago disappeared. About the year 1745, one Walter Berry discovered a spring when opening the ground in Sun Tavern Fields. This he called Shadwell Spa, and claimed that the water was impregnated with sulphur, vitriol, steel, and antimony. Dr Linden wrote a pamphlet in 1749 giving out that it was an antidote for all skin diseases—the probability is that for some cutaneous disorders it was really beneficial. Eventually it became largely used chemically in extracting salts, and in the preparation of a fixing for calico printers.

Another St Chad's Well was situated at the end of Gray's Inn Road, near Battle Bridge, now known as

King's Cross.

This was a chalybeate spring, and proved useful in cases of biliousness and liver complaints. About the middle of the eighteenth century it was a famous resort for invalids, and as many as eight hundred or nine hundred people would assemble there every morning to partake of the water, and to walk in the gardens with which it was surrounded. Hone

gives in vol. i. of his "Every-Day Book" (1826), under March 2, a very circumstantial account of a visit to this well. He tells how the water was warmed in a huge copper, whence it was drawn by an "ancient ailing female" with silver hair, known as the "Lady of the Well," at the price of sixpence a glass. It would appear that the well was at this time suffering from neglect, and that its surroundings were very dilapidated and decayed. Only a few atrabilarians resorted thither, and as the writer tersely phrased it—"St Chad's Well is haunted, not frequented." In 1833 it still existed, and "was much resorted to by the poorer classes." Now it is all swept away and forgotten, and even the name of the locality is changed beyond recognition. At

ST PANCRAS

hard by was another well. It might, until a decade or two ago, still be seen in a house on the south side of the churchyard. The water was of a cathartic nature—very clear and sweet to the taste. During the greater part of the eighteenth century people drank it assiduously, and believed it to be "surprisingly successful

in curing the most obstinate cases of scurvy, king's evil, leprosy, and all other breakings-out of the skin." The following advertisement is dated June 10, 1769 :—

"St Pancras Wells Waters are in the greatest perfection, and highly recommended by the most eminent physicians in the kingdom. To prevent mistakes, St Pancras Wells is on that side of the Churchyard towards London; the house and gardens of which are as genteel and rural as any round this Metropolis; the best of tea, coffee, and hot loaves every day, may always be depended upon, with neat wines, curious punch, Dorchester, Marlborough, and Ringwood beers; Burton, Yorkshire, and other fine ales, and Cyder; and also Cows kept to accommodate Ladies and Gentlemen with new Milk and Cream, and Syllabubs in the greatest perfection. The Proprietor returns his unfeigned thanks to those Societies of Gentlemen who have honoured him with their Country feasts, and humbly hopes a continuance of their Favours, which will greatly oblige their most obedient servant.

JOHN ARMSTRONG."

According to an advertisement issued in 1729, they were "commonly called Pancridge Wells."

Of all these old wells the name of

SADLER'S WELLS

is probably best known to the average Londoner of the present day, though more because of its theatre than of its mineral springs. Previous to the Reformation a holy well existed here, but it was then bricked over and ultimately lost to sight. In 1683 it was discovered by a man named Sadler, a surveyor of highways, in the garden attached to a music-house he had just opened. The water was ferruginous, and its virtues being freely advertised, the wells quickly became the resort of hypochondriacs. Mr Walter Thornbury tells how "in the summer of 1700 Sadler's Wells became in high favour with the public. Gout hobbled there; rheumatism groaned over his ferruginous water; severe coughs went arm-in-arm, chuckling as they hobbled; as for hypochondria, he cracked jokes, he was in such high spirits at the thought of the new remedy." Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in one of her letters, claims credit for introducing to the world of fashion this (as it was for a time known) new Tunbridge Wells. Certain it is that in 1733 hither came the Princesses Amelia and Caroline in the month

of June and drank the water daily. They brought in their train such an enormous concourse that the proprietor is said to have taken as much as £30 in a morning. Amongst other people of note, Sir Samuel Romilly bore testimony to the efficacy of these waters. Sadler's Wells was famous as a health resort all through the eighteenth century, and as late as 1833 Professor Booth wrote as follows:—

"These waters are even now much recommended by several eminent physicians, and have ever since their second discovery maintained a considerable reputation. The accommodations for visiters (*sic*) are excellent, and do credit to the spirited proprietor. On an examination of this water, I found a considerable portion of iron, and indeed the spring is generally considered to be more strongly impregnated with this metal than any other in the kingdom." This was without doubt the most celebrated of the London spas.

Next in importance was

Bagnigge Wells,

not known only as a name. Two wells—one chalybeate and other cathartic—were discovered

in 1767 in the gardens of Bagnigge House, Islington, once the residence of Nell Gwynne. This house had been a place of public entertainment since 1680, the following inscription being over the garden entrance :—

S + T
THIS IS BAGNIGGE
HOVSE NEARE
THE PINDER A
WAKEFIELDE
1680

Dr John Bevis wrote a pamphlet extolling the virtues of the water and the beauties of the place. The following appeared in the *Daily Advertisement* for July, 1775 :—

"The Royal Bagnigge Wells, between the Foundling Hospital and Islington.—Mr Davis, the proprietor, takes this method to inform the publick that both the chalybeate and purging waters are in the greatest perfection ever known, and may be drank at 3d. each person, or delivered at the pump-room at 8d. per gallon. They are recommended by the most eminent physicians for various disorders, as specified in the hand-bills. Likewise in a treatise written on those waters by the late Dr Bevis, dedicated to the

Royal Society, and may be had at the bar, price 1s., where ladies and gentlemen may depend upon having the best of tea, coffee, hot loaves, &c."

In 1842 Bagnigge House and grounds were demolished to make room for new streets, and the locality of the wells is now absorbed within the precincts of the Phœnix Brewery.

Early in the present century

HAMPSTEAD

was spoken of as ranking high "for the number and variety of its medicinal springs." Probably the name "Well Walk" is the only relic left associated with the time when the Hampstead Wells formed the centre of a fashionable rendezvous. The date of their discovery is wrapped in oblivion. In the year 1698 the Earl of Gainsborough vested in trustees for the use of the poor of Hampstead "Six acres of heath ground lying, being about, and encompassing the wells of medicinal waters," and in 1700 the Manor Court ordered "that the spring lying by the purging well be forthwith brought to the town of Hampstead, at the parish charge, and that the money profits arising therefrom be

applied to easing the poor-rates hereafter to be made." On April 20th of the same year the following advertisement appeared in *The Postman* :—

"Hampstead Chalybeate Waters sold by Mr Richd. Philps, Apothecary, at the *Eagle and Child* in Fleet St. every morning at 3d. p. flask, and conveyed to persons at their own houses at one penny p. flask more. The flask to be returned daily."

From time to time various treatises were written setting forth the excellence of the Hampstead waters—notably by Dr John Soame ("The Inexhaustible Fountain of Health") in 1734, Dr Biss in 1802, and Dr Godwin in 1804. Early in the thirties the wells are spoken of as totally in disuse. Analysis of the water showed only a very slight trace—about seven grains to the gallon—of earthy salts, such as iron, magnesia, or lime; so that it was probably nothing more than pure spring water of which the *habitues* of the wells partook.

About 1750 a spa was opened at

ACTON,

three medicinal wells having been discovered

there a few years previously. For a long time the place held a high reputation as a fashionable resort, and during the summer season the hamlets of East Acton and Friars Place were filled with people of all ranks. Public interest kept the wells going for forty years, and then the rage was over, the reason given by a writer of the period being that fashion and novelty had "given preference to springs of the same nature at a greater distance from the metropolis." At

KILBURN

is, or was, to be, seen an old well surmounted by a cupola, the key-stone of the arch over the doorway bearing date 1714. All through the eighteenth century the Kilburn Wells were much resorted to, and it has been said that this water was "more strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas than any other known spring in England." An analysis was published by Mr Schmeisser in the 82nd volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*. It appears that its temperature was low, and its odour when disturbed very objectionable. The following advertisement comes from the *Public Advertiser* of July 17th, 1773:—

"Kilburn Wells, near Paddington. The

waters are now in the utmost perfection; the gardens enlarged and greatly improved; the house and offices re-painted and beautified in the most elegant manner. The whole is now open for the reception of the public, the great room being particularly adapted to the use and amusement of the politest companies. Fit either for music, dancing, or entertainments. This happy spot is equally celebrated for its rural situation, extensive prospects, and the acknowledged efficacy of its waters; is most delightfully situated on the site of the once famous abbey of Kilburn, on the Edgware Road, at an easy distance, being but a morning's walk from the metropolis, two miles from Oxford-street; the footway from the Mary-bone across the fields still nearer. A plentiful larder is always provided, together with the best of wines and other liquors. Breakfasting and hot loaves. A printed account of the waters, as drawn up by an eminent physician, is given gratis at the Wells."

At

TOTTENHAM

were St Loy's* Well and Bishop's Well. Little

* St Eligius, the patron saint of blacksmiths and farriers.

is known of the latter, except the legend that the common people once reported "many strange cures" thereat. St Loy's Well was said "to be always full and never to run over." Dr Robinson, in his "History of Tottenham," published in 1840, compares the water with that of Cheltenham. Without indicating which of the two wells he refers to, a writer at the end of the last century says:—

"In popish times the devotees used to frequent a well in this parish, which the priests said had the virtue of curing almost all disorders. Many pretended miracles were wrought at this place; and as most of the patients were laid under contributions, for the good of holy mother church, the priests reaped considerable advantages."

Among the "holy" wells the name of

CLERKENWELL

is probably best known in the present day. Stow, in his "Survey of London," speaks of it as "Clarkes' well, or Clerkenwell," and tells how it "is curbed about square with hard stone, not far from the west end of Clerkenwell church, but close without the wall that incloseth it. The

said church took the name of the well, and the well took the name of the parish clerks in London, who of old time were accustomed there yearly to assemble, and to play some large history of Holy Scripture." Since these far-off days, the well has passed through many vicissitudes. In 1800 a pump was placed over the well, but some time afterwards, for the better accommodation of the public, it was removed four feet westward of its supply. It eventually became broken, and after remaining some time in this state was at length swept away.

St Bride's Well,

from which the famous Bridewell Hospital takes its name, still exists at the end of Bride Lane, Fleet Street. A substantial iron pump marks the spot, and is free and open to the use of any passer-by.

St Clement's Well,

north of St Clement Danes church in the Strand, was absorbed in the purlieus of the new Law Courts, and was filled in and obliterated in 1874. Pilgrims resorted thither as far back as Ethelred's time, and Stow speaks of it as "fair curbed square with hard stone, kept clean for

common use." Various picturesque religious ceremonies are reported to have taken place around this well, and its destruction caused a pang of regret to many antiquaries.

Other such wells spoken of by Stow are Skinner's Well, Fagge's Well, Todwell, Radwell, and Loder's Well, besides one at Hoxton, known by the name of Dame-Annis-the-Clear. These and others, such as St Govor's Well at Kensington, it is impossible, owing to the exigencies of space, to do more than mention.

The School of Harrow-on-the-Hill.

By Rev. Geo. S. Tyack, B.A.

A CERTAIN parallel may be traced between the career of Harrow School and that of its worthy founder. John Lyon, yeoman, of Preston, in the parish of Harrow, is alleged to have made his way to competence mainly by his own honest effort, unaided by external influence or patronage; yet at his death he was in a position to bequeath estates of no inconsiderable value in three counties; and by his will devoted the revenues of them to the permanent good of his country in more than one way. In the school, which keeps, and will ever keep, his memory green, we find an institution which has similarly attained a solid and influential position by honest hard work and administrative common-sense. No royal founder established it, as did Henry VI. for Eton, Henry VIII. for Westminster, or Edward VI. for Christ's Hospital; it had not the prestige of high ecclesiastical patronage like that of Wykeham at

Winchester, or Colet at St Paul's; nor the support of a wealthy sodality like the Merchant Taylors Company, or the Corporation of Shrewsbury. Yet starting from a small beginning, and with the means supplied only by the sturdy yeoman, Harrow worked its way to the front, and has now passed in numbers, in prestige, in the honours of its roll of *alumni*, many of the schools which were established under more powerful patronage.

In the year 1571, "Lyon of Preston, yeoman John," procured from Queen Elizabeth letters patent and a charter constituting trustees for the administration of his property, in accordance with certain statutes drawn up by him for founding and governing a "Free Grammar School in the village of Harrow-upon-the-Hill, in the countie of Middlesex." It would seem that John Lyon had long shown a practical interest in the education of his poorer neighbours, since for many years he devoted twenty marks a year to that purpose; but he made arrangements for something to be done on a larger scale and in a more permanent way after his death. The original trustees and governors were Gilbert Gerrard, Esquire, the Attorney-General; William

JOHN LYON'S SCHOOL HOUSE, NEW FOURTH-FORM ROOM.

Gerrard, gentleman; John Page, of Wemley; Thomas Page, of Sudbury Court; Thomas Redding, of Pinner; and Richard Edlyn, of Woodhall; all persons of position residing within the parish. In the year 1591, feeling perhaps that his own end was near, and that his testament would soon be put into force, Lyon gave to these trustees his directions as to the building and management of the school.

Within a year of the death of the testator and his wife, Johan, the Governors were instructed to appoint "an able man, not under the degree of a Master of Arts, to be schoolmaster," and another, who must be at least a Bachelor of Arts, as usher. The stipends of these, both of whom must be unmarried, were to be £26, 13s. 4d. and £13, 6s. 8d. respectively, with £3, 6s. 8d. each for firing; £20 per annum was to be devoted to the maintenance of scholarships, two each at Oxford and Cambridge, preference among the lads being given to Lyon's own kindred, or failing them to those who were distinguished "for towardness, poverty, and painfulness." The care of the lads is minutely described in many quaintly conceived paragraphs; the Latin and Greek authors to be read are

named, the reading of prayers each night and morning by one of the scholars is enjoined; the preaching of special sermons at the parish church, for which duty £10 is allowed, is required of the master, if he be capable of it; the amusements of the boys are restricted to the "driving of a top, tossing a hand-ball, running, shooting, and no other"; and the modes of correction are specified, it being ordained that any pupil, who proves thoroughly "unapt to learn," may, after a year's trial, be sent from the school. Leave is given for the receiving of "foreigners"—children not resident in the parish—so far as there is accommodation for them; but "no *girls* shall be received to be taught in the same school." In case of any doubt or difficulty in the interpretation of these statutes appeal was to be made to the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose decision was to be final, and who was thus appointed a kind of visitor of the school.

In the following year, 1592, John Lyon died, and was buried in the nave of the church, a brass, bearing his effigy, being placed upon his grave with the following inscription: "Here lyeth buried the bodye of John Lyon, late of

Preston, in this parish, yeoman, deceased the 11th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1592; who hath founded a free grammar schoole in the parish to have continuance for ever, and for maintenance thereof, and for releyffe of the poore, and for some poore schollers in the Universytes, repairinge of highwayes, and other good and charitable uses, hath made conveyance of lands of good value to a corporation granted for that purpose. Prayse be to the authour of all goodnesse who makes us myndful to follow his good example." The estates whose revenues were devoted to the use of the school are situated in Harrow, and at Preston and Alperton, in the same parish, and at Barnet and Malden in Bedfordshire; the other good objects covered by the will, as detailed in the above inscription, were met by the revenues from estates in Paddington and Kilburn; but with these we have nothing to do in the present paper.

Of the earlier years of the school there is nothing of moment to chronicle; its work was local, and on a small scale. Scholarships of £5 were scarcely likely, even in days when that sum meant a great deal more than it would do to-day,

to attract very keen competition, and "foreigners" did not show any great envy of the parishioners' privileges; and even the parishioners, it may be, were not always willing to pay the proportion which was still expected of them. For Lyon's school was free in the sense of providing "free education," but in nothing more; the local boys were naturally expected still to live at home; and beyond this the parents were warned, on first bringing their children, that they must find them "sufficient paper, ink, pens, books, candles for winter, and all other things at any time requisite for the maintenance of their study"; and for play-hours they had also to provide "at all times bow-shafts, bow-strings, and a bracer, to exercise shooting." *

In 1656 the Rev. William Horne, a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, a "*preceptor strenuus*," as his epitaph states, became the master, and with him a new era commenced; in fact, it is scarcely too much to say that he put the living soul into the body formed by the Middlesex yeoman. Horne and the Governors

* The annual shooting for the Silver Arrow, so long a traditional exhibition of skill at Harrow School, is treated elsewhere in this volume, and consequently need not be further alluded to here.

of his day were the first to see that, although the means at the command of the Trust were too slender for them to expect to retain men of any mark as their masters, yet they provided an excellent foundation on which greater things might be erected; with a larger staff of teachers, and a broader policy in general, "foreigners" might be attracted to come as boarders; and as the school grew in repute, the means would thus be forthcoming for building up a yet more useful institution, capable of more solid work.

Mr Horne died in 1685, and was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Brian, also a fellow of King's, who ruled the school longer than any other master before or since; he died in 1730. By this time the Governors, exercising a power which Lyon's statutes had vested in them "to amend, alter, or abolish any of the Rules" as experience might prove to be advisable, had abrogated the clause which insisted on the celibacy of the master, and Brian was a married man. One of his daughters, said to have been a woman of exceptional beauty, became the wife of the Rev. James Cox, of Merton College, Oxford; and this clergyman succeeded his father-in-law in the government of the school.

Already, although yet young as a public school, Harrow began to produce men of mark in the world, one of the earliest of whom was John Dennis, the opponent of Pope. It was Dennis's misfortune to have a literary quarrel with the most bitter, most uncompromising, and wittiest satirist that English literature has produced; and consequently his unenviable place in the "Dunciad" is better known than the real worth of the critic. In 1741, at the age of eleven, came to Harrow James Bruce, subsequently the first of the modern race of African travellers, of whom it has been said that he "rediscovered a country (Abyssinia) of which no accounts had reached Europe for nearly a century." The trustworthiness of Bruce's description of the men and manners that he saw is better recognized now than it was in his own day; his contemporaries were so afraid of being credulous, that they became thoroughly sceptical, so fearful of being beguiled with fictions that they would not accept facts; and consequently they treated as mere "travellers' tales," the sober narrations of a courageous explorer and a thoughtful observer.

Mr Cox's tenure of his office was not a happy

one; there were frequent difficulties with the Governors, and, it is said, not less frequent domestic quarrels; and at last, in 1745, he resigned, and was succeeded by Dr Thomas Thackeray. The new master was already a man of some distinction; like several of his predecessors he was a fellow of King's, and he was also Chaplain to the Prince of Wales. He had formerly been an assistant master at Eton; and his coming here may be said to mark another epoch in the history of Harrow, inasmuch as he introduced the educational system of his old school—a system, which, though slightly modified from time to time, has in the main continued in force ever since. Three of the pupils under his charge were Sir William Jones, Dr William Bennett, and Dr Samuel Parr. These were friends and contemporaries, Jones entering the school in 1753 and Parr in 1756. It was of the first of these three that Thackeray, the master, made use of the often-quoted words, that "if left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would nevertheless find a road to fame and riches"; he early displayed unusual linguistic ability, and at his death is said to have known eight languages critically, eight

more fairly, and to have given attention to yet another twelve. Dr Bennett became in 1794 Bishop of Cloyne, a see which he held until 1820. Parr was a native of Harrow, the son of a surgeon; for about five years, from 1767, he was an assistant master at the school "on the Hill," subsequently presiding over the grammar schools at Colchester and Norwich. Amid a mass of literary work left behind him there was nothing of very marked distinction; and his fame now rests on his reputation as a conversationist and a wit.

Dr Thackeray was succeeded in 1760 by Dr Robert Sumner, under whom the number of scholars rose to 250, and the school attained a high degree of efficiency. In 1771 Sumner died suddenly under an apoplectic stroke, and the filling of the vacant post led to a strange passage, but one not unique, in the history of Harrow, — the boys themselves taking a violently partisan attitude with regard to the question.

The candidate for the position who found most favour with the Governors, and who was eventually appointed, was Dr Benjamin Heath; his rival being Samuel Parr, then an assistant

master in the School. The candidature of the latter appealed to the *esprit de corps* of the lads; for Parr, as we have seen, was himself a Harrow lad by birth and education, and his claim seemed to be accentuated by the fact that, although the school had now reached the two hundredth anniversary of the issue of its charter (1571-1771), it had never yet seen one of its own scholars in the master's chair. As a matter of fact it had to wait for almost another century before such an event took place; Dr Butler being, on his appointment in 1859, the first Harrow boy to govern Harrow School; and the only subsequent appointment was a return to Eton, whence most of the masters have been drawn.

A petition was presented by the boys on behalf of Parr, begging that the school should cease to be "a mere appendix to Eton," and the rejection of this plea led to open revolt. The hotel where the Governors were deliberating was bombarded with stones, they themselves were assaulted, and the carriage of one of them was wrecked. Dr Parr, the defeated candidate, finally established a school of his own at Stanmore, whither about forty of his most en-

thusiastic supporters were removed, and which survived for some few years.

Dr Heath did not increase his popularity by altering some of the established customs of the place, especially in substituting the "Speeches" for the time-honoured shooting for the Silver Arrow. Nevertheless he succeeded, in spite of the defection caused by Parr, in maintaining the numerical position of the school, and even in handing it on to his successor somewhat larger than he found it. Dr Joseph Drury became head-master in 1785, and three of the foremost statesmen of our annals passed under his hands during the twenty years that he filled that post, namely, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, and Sir Robert Peel; all of whom afterwards became politically associated, and all of whom became prime ministers. Peel entered Parliament in 1809 and became the first minister of the Crown in 1833, in 1841, and again in 1845; Aberdeen served under Sir Robert in 1834 and 1841, and himself became prime minister in 1852; while Palmerston, entering the Lower House in 1807, took office under Aberdeen in 1852, and became Premier in 1856 and again in 1859. Palmerston's death in 1865

closed a period of over thirty years during which England had been governed almost entirely by old Harrovian Premiers.

Under the headship of Dr Drury the numbers of Harrow made yet a further advance and reached a total of 350, a fact which may have had something to do with the outbreak of another "patriotic" rebellion at the next vacancy. On this occasion, which was in 1805, there were three candidates, Mark Drury, George Butler, and Evans. The popular candidate among the boys was the first, the representative of the old head-master; the choice of the Governors fell upon Dr Butler. The resistance to authority grew to a pitch scarcely credible in a riot of schoolboys; the uproar lasted several days and was at length quelled only by military force. Expulsions of course followed, and it was some time before the bitterness engendered by so keen a crisis subsided.

One of the leaders in this revolt was probably the most brilliant genius of all who have passed through Harrow, George Lord Byron. The future poet entered the school in 1801, and has left us several interesting notes of his residence

there. "I was a most unpopular boy," he says, "but led latterly, and have retained many of my school friendships, and all my dislikes—except to Dr Butler, whom I treated rebelliously, and have been sorry ever since; Dr Drury, whom I plagued sufficiently too, was the best, the kindest (and yet strict) friend I ever had." Writing, some two years before his death, to his publisher, Murray, he gives a reminiscence of his Harrow days: "There is a spot in the churchyard near the footpath, on the brow of the hill, looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy: this was my favourite spot." This grave, now commonly known as "Byron's tomb" (which has recently been enclosed by an iron railing as a protection) is commemorated in a poem written by him the year after leaving the school; one verse of it runs:—

"Again I behold where for hours I have pondered,
As reclining at eve, on yon tombstone I lay,
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wandered,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray."

The troubles of the school were not over when Dr Butler was fully installed in his office, and

the rebel leaders had been expelled. The parishioners of Harrow shortly afterwards (in 1809) invoked the aid of the law to restore to them those rights in John Lyon's foundation, of which, they alleged, they had long been deprived. The case was carried by appeal to the Court of the Master of the Rolls, and the then holder of that office, Sir William Grant, pronounced a judgment in favour of the Governors, which has never since been contested. Under a subsequent head-master, however — namely Dr Vaughan— a separate school, known as the English Form, was established, to give a thorough English education to the sons of the tradesmen and other parishioners of Harrow who were practically excluded, by the altered circumstances, from the use of the older foundation.

On the resignation of Dr Butler in 1829 a line of head-masters began, who have conferred further honour on the school by their eminent scholarship, and by the posts of dignity in the Church to which they subsequently attained; it must, however, be admitted that their rule of the school was not in every case a conspicuous success, and the numbers there varied considerably, reaching about 1840 so low a point as 78. The

average for the past forty years, however, has been from four to five hundred. Dr Butler was succeeded by Charles Thomas Longley, who in 1836 became Bishop of Ripon, and in 1862 Archbishop of Canterbury; his successor at Harrow was Christopher Wordsworth, who in 1869 became Bishop of Lincoln; in 1845 Charles Vaughan, subsequently the celebrated Master of the Temple, and the Dean of Llandaff, became head-master; the next, coming in 1859, was Henry Montagu Butler, who resigned in 1885 to become Dean of Gloucester and later Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; and last, but by no means least in reputation as a sound teacher and a successful administrator, comes the Rev. James Edward Cowell Welldon, the present head-master, of whom we can only add *Nondum apparuit quid erit.** Amongst the junior masters at Harrow there have also been several of whom the outer world has heard much; as, for example, the present Bishop of Durham (Dr Westcott) and the present Dean of Canterbury (Dr Farrar).

There have been, moreover, many distin-

* But since these words were written, some part of his future, at least, has appeared in his appointment to the Bishopric of Calcutta.

guished Harrovians, who have not yet found mention in these pages. The Navy is represented by Lord Rodney; Administrative Government by the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India; the Law by the Earl of Cottenham, Lord-Chancellor of England, and by Sir J. J. Platt, Baron of the Exchequer; the Church by Dr Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St Andrews, by Dr Perry, Bishop of Melbourne, by Dr Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, and Cardinal Manning; Literature by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Theodore Hook, the Hon. W. R. Spencer, "the Poet of Society," and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, who bequeathed to Harrow School his collection of Greek and Egyptian antiquities. Politics has had its votaries in Lord Herbert of Lea, the Marquis of Abercorn, the late Sir T. Dyke Acland, and others; nor should the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury be omitted. The list might be almost indefinitely extended, but these are enough to show the valuable fruit which the country has gathered from the tree planted by John Lyon.

Of the buildings of Harrow School the only part which can claim a part in Bygone Middlesex is the Old Fourth Form, which is now used

solely for prayers and punishment. It is part of the original structure, its diamond-paned windows, its oaken panels, and wide Elizabethan fireplace sufficiently indicating the era of its erection. The most interesting part of the room is the said panelling, together with the other woodwork, such as desks and doors; for here, cut by the knives of generations of idly industrious schoolboys, we find many names that are now historic. Byron, Peel, Sheridan, Hartington, Manning and a host of other names or initials have here been cut by their famous owners, at a time when fame was to them but a dream. The head-master lived in the upper portion of the school-house until 1672, when larger premises were provided for him upon the other side of the road. The growth of the school has, of course, necessitated much enlargement of the buildings from time to time; in 1819 a new wing was added, with a library and speech-room; and the Vaughan Library, the chapel, and such accessories as swimming-baths and gymnasia are of yet more recent date. One aisle of the chapel commemorates the old Harrovians who fell in the Crimea.

Harrow Church has many associations with

the school. For a long time, in the days before their own chapel was built, the lads attended the services of the Parish Church: here, as we have seen, John Lyon, the founder, lies buried, and in this churchyard Byron wandered and dreamed; and here, too, Dr Sumner lies buried beneath an inscription from the pen of Dr Parr.

The Silver Arrow at Harrow School.

IN years agone the 4th of August was a red-letter day in the school life of Harrow. It was customary on that day for the boys to compete at archery for a prize of a silver arrow. When John Lyon founded Harrow School he was anxious that archery should be practised by its pupils, and we find in the ordinances drawn up in 1592 that parents had to provide for their boys attending the school implements for the pastime. "You shall allow your child," said the old regulation, "bow-shafts, bow-strings, and a bracer." We are not surprised when we read such a rule as the foregoing that the scholars won renown with bow and arrow.

The butts were situated in a charming spot near the London road. The spectators rested on grassy seats cut out of the slopes of the hill overlooking the sports.

In the earlier days of the school the contest was confined to the best six archers, but later it was extended to a dozen. The competitors, it

is recorded, were attired in gay costumes of white, red, or green satin, decked with spangles, —with green silk sashes and caps. The younger boys must have regarded with envy the smart dresses, and wished the time near when they might appear in them and sustain the reputation of the school with their skill.

The sport was conducted with considerable ceremony. If an archer shot within the three circles which surrounded the bull's-eye, he was saluted with a selection of music on French horns. The boy who was twelve times nearest the mark was proclaimed winner of the prize, and was carried shoulder high from the butts to the town, at the head of a procession of boys, and the victor proudly waved about the silver arrow he had won. The pleasures of the day closed with a ball given in the schoolroom, and to which the leading families of the neighbourhood were invited.

In the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and other periodicals of the period may be found the names of the winners of the silver arrows. It is related that four sons of one family carried off the prize, and the proud father placed the four arrows in the corners of his drawing-room. We

are told, on reliable authority, that on a particular 4th of August "two boys, Merry and Love, were equal or nearly so, and both of them decidedly superior to the rest. Love, having shot his last arrow into the bull's-eye, was greeted by his schoolfellows with a shout, '*Omnia vincit Amor.*' 'Not so,' said Merry in an under voice, '*Nos non cedamus Amori*;' and carefully adjusting his shaft, shot it into the bull's-eye, a full inch nearer to the centre than his exulting competitor. So he gained the day."

Dr Heath abolished the Harrow shootings in 1771. He found that too much time was claimed as a privilege to practise by boys trying for the prize as to greatly interfere with the more serious work of the school, and the tone of the village was lowered by a number of loose characters coming from London on those occasions. The Harrovians were deeply disappointed at the decision of the Head-Master, and a year later a silver arrow was made but not shot for. It remains in the school as a reminder of the amusement of bygone days. One of the gay dresses is also preserved.

The butts were common at one time all over the country, but in most places these earthworks

have been levelled to the ground, in fact we have only found traces of two standing at the present time, and they are situated in a field not far distant from the noble Priory Church of Bridlington, East Yorkshire. In many towns and villages of old England, the name of Butts still lingers in the names of streets, lanes and fields. Butts lane is by no means uncommon, reminding us that in the bygone time archery formed an important feature in the education of Englishmen. Shooting with the bow and arrow in the time of peace was a popular pastime, and in the time of war the skill of our archers gained for us victories over foes in foreign lands. The battles of Créscy, Agincourt and many others will occur to the reader.

Swearing-in at Highgate.

IN the days when life was spent in a more leisurely manner than it is at the present time, when the stage-coach was the general conveyance for the traveller and the locomotive engine was unknown, Swearing-in at Highgate was a popular custom. Seldom did a stage-coach enter Highgate and stop at one of the numerous village inns without some of the passengers going through the ancient ceremony.

Lord Byron was one of the many famous men who had kissed the horns. The noble bard in his first canto of "Childe Harold" alludes to the custom—

"——many to the steep of Highgate hie;
Ask, ye Bœotian shades! the reason why?
'Tis to the worship of the solemn horn,
Grasped in the holy hand of Mystery,
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn."

Byron wrote the lines at Thebes, the capital of Bœotia, hence the allusion to Bœotian shades. Large parties used to come from London to the

village to be sworn, and to spend the night in dancing. In the freer days of old the practice was by no means confined to the lower orders of the community. The Harrovians were conspicuous for taking part in the ceremony. Women as well as men took the oath. Several well-known artists have produced pictures of the old time usage, and about 1826 George Cruikshank executed in his best style a drawing which we reproduce. It presents all the points of interest which make the artist's pictures so popular. Alfred Crowquill also made the custom the subject of an extremely amusing illustration, which finds a place in the pages of Chambers's "Book of Days," vol. i., p. 118, and is reproduced in Graham Everitt's "English Caricaturists."

Visitors to the village were pressed to enter the various inns, and become freemen of the place. When the company had collected in the parlour, the landlord, dressed in wig and black gown, would enter to administer the oath. The horns were fixed upon a poll some five feet in height, and placed in the centre of the room, and before them stood the person being sworn. The success of the ceremony, of course, de-

pended on the wit of the landlord. His speech, usually delivered in a bold voice, was as follows :—

"Upstanding and uncovered: Silence. Take notice what I now say to you, for that is the first word of the oath, mind that! You must acknowledge me to be your adopted father, I must acknowledge you to be my adopted son. If you do not call me father you forfeit a bottle of wine; if I do not call you son I forfeit the same. And now, my good son, if you are travelling through the village of Highgate, and you have no money in your pocket, go call for a bottle of wine at any house you may think proper to enter, and book it to your father's score. If you have any friends with you, you may treat them as well; but if you have money of your own, you must pay it yourself, for you must not say you have no money when you have; neither must you convey your money out of your pocket into your friends' pockets, for I shall search them, as well as you, and if I find that you or they have any money you forfeit a bottle of wine for trying to cheat and cozen your old father. You must not eat brown bread while you can get white, unless you like brown

SWEARING-IN AT HIGHGATE.

By G. Cruikshank.

the best; nor must you drink small beer when you can get strong, unless you like small the best; you must not kiss the maid while you can kiss the mistress, unless you like the maid best; but sooner than lose a good chance you may kiss both. And now, my good son, I wish you a safe journey through Highgate and this life. I charge you, my good son, that if you know any in this company who have not taken the oath, you must cause them to take it or make each of them forfeit a bottle of wine; for if you fail to do so you will forfeit one yourself. So now, my son, God bless you; kiss the horns, or a pretty girl if you see one here which you like best, and so be free of Highgate."

If a female was present, as a matter of course she was saluted; if not the horns were kissed. It is said that the option was not formerly permitted. After the salutation was over and the wine drunk, the landlord addressed his newly made son as follows:—

"I have now to acquaint you with your privileges as a freeman of Highgate. If at any time you are going through the hamlet, and want to rest yourself, and you see a pig lying in a ditch, you are quite at liberty to kick her out and take

her place; but if you see three lying together you must only kick the middle one and lie between the two; so God save the King!"

In some of the houses the ceremony was conducted in rhyme. The following is a copy of the poetical version :—

Landlord: Do you wish to be sworn at Highgate?

Candidate: I do, Father.

Clerk: Amen.

The landlord then sung or said as follows :—

Silence! O, yes! You are my son!
Full of your old father, turn, sir;
This is my oath you may take it as you run,
So lay your hand thus on the horn, sir.

Here the candidate places his right hand on the horn.

You shall spend not with cheaters or cozeners your life,
Nor waste it in profligate beauty;
And when you are wedded be kind to your wife,
And true to petticoat duty.

The Candidate says, "I will," and kisses the horn in obedience to the command of the Clerk, who exclaims in a loud and solemn tone, "Kiss the horn, sir!"

And while you thus solemnly swear to be kind,
And shield and protect from disaster,
This part of your oath you must bear it in mind,
That you, and not she, is the master.

Clerk: "Kiss the horn, sir!"

You shall pledge no man first when a woman is near,
For neither 'tis proper nor right, sir;
Nor, unless you prefer it, drink small for strong beer,
Nor eat brown bread when you can get white, sir.

Clerk: "Kiss the horn, sir!"

You shall never drink brandy when wine you can get,
Say when good port or sherry is handy;
Unless that your taste on spirit is set,
In which case you may, sir, drink brandy!

Clerk: "Kiss the horn, sir!"

To kiss with the maid when the mistress is kind,
Remember that you must be loth, sir;
But if the maid's fairest your oath doesn't bind—
Or you may, if you like it, kiss both, sir!

Should you ever return, take this oath here again,
Like a man of good sense, leal and true, sir;
And be sure to bring with you some more merry men,
That they on the horn may swear, too, sir.

Landlord: Now, sir, if you please, sign your name in the book, and if you can't write make your mark, and the Clerk of the Court will attest it.

Here one or other of the above requests is complied with.

Landlord: "You will please pay half-a-crown for Court fees, and what you please to the Clerk." This necessary ceremony being gone through, the important business terminates by the Landlord saying, "God bless the King (or Queen) and the lord of the manor;" to which the Clerk responds, "Amen, amen."

We have drawn the foregoing version from Dixon's "Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry

of England." A note to the poem states that the court fees were always returned in wines, spirits, or porter, of which the Landlord and Clerk were invited to partake.

A song embodying the oath was introduced into a pantomime produced in 1742 at the Haymarket Theatre.

The custom is noticed by several writers on popular antiquities. No satisfactory account of its origin has been given. William Hone supposes the ceremony to have originated in a sort of graziers' club. "Highgate," says Hone, "being the place nearest London where cattle rested on their way from the North, certain graziers were accustomed to put up at the Gatehouse for the night. But as they could not wholly exclude strangers who, like themselves, were travelling on business, they brought an ox to the door, and those who did not choose to kiss its horns, after going through the ceremony described, were not deemed fit members of their society." The custom does not appear to have been confined to Highgate; it prevailed at Ware, at the Griffin in Hoddesdon, and other places, but none were so popular as Highgate.

Charles Lamb and Edmonton.

By John T. Page.

"But thou most glad,
My gentle-hearted Charles! For thou hast pined
And hungered after Nature many a year,
In the great city pent."

Coleridge.

IT was on a sunny Bank Holiday morning that a friend and myself decided to visit Edmonton, but to reach the place we must needs start from that salubrious spot known to all the world as Bethnal Green. I need hardly say that we found a crowd of people waiting at the station to be despatched—somewhere! or that composed as it was of some of the roughest specimens of the great unwashed, it was a most uncomfortable crowd. To force our way through this dense mass of humanity, to obtain our tickets, and, when the train came up to secure a seat in the already over-crowded carriages was no small task, but success at last crowned our efforts, and it was consoling to notice that after we had passed

the first two or three stations, our elbows became more and more free, until by the time we reached Edmonton we found ourselves the only occupants of the carriage.

Passing out of the station we turned to the left, and made our way along Church Road, which we rightly concluded would lead us to the edifice whence it derived its name. Before, however, we had gone many yards we paused before "Lamb's Cottage," * for ever made sacred as the retreat wherein Charles Lamb spent the last few months of his life. We took a lingering look through the gate at the prettily laid-out garden, and the snug little house beyond, and hoped for some such spot wherein to spend the rest of our latter days.

Further down the lane we found an entrance to the churchyard, through which we passed, and commenced our search for the spot where "Elia" and his sister sleep. After some fruitless wandering we came across the object of our search in the south-west corner of the churchyard. Instead of some altar-shaped sarcophagus and gilded monument, Lamb's grave is a simple turf-covered mound, hemmed in on all sides by

* During Lamb's tenure it was known as "Bay Cottage."

other graves, which seem inclined to be far too neighbourly. In the centre of the mound is planted a little shrub, and at each end lies a large sea shell from which creeps forth some golden moss. A white headstone marks the spot, on which is recorded, in bold black letters, the following inscription written by Lamb's friend, the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, the translator of Dante :—

To the memory
of
CHARLES LAMB,
died 27th December 1834, aged 59.

Farewell, dear friend, that smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
Better than words no more assuage our woe:
That hand outstretched from small but well-earned store,
Yield succour to the destitute no more,
Yet art thou not all lost, thro' many an age
With sterling sense of humour shall thy page
Win many an English bosom pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth, and if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven we hope to meet thee there.

Also MARY ANNE LAMB,
Sister of the above.
Born 3rd December 1767, Died 20th May 1847.

Such is the chosen resting-place of genial Charles Lamb, "made in a spot which about a fortnight before his death he had pointed out to his sister on an afternoon wintry walk as the place where he wished to be buried."

That stuttering tongue which prevented him from succeeding to an exhibition in one of our Universities is silent now, but it distinctly speaks on in the hearts of many through his works, which will ever remain amongst our most cherished English classics.

As we stood looking at the grave of the "gentle hearted Charles," as Coleridge called him, I could not help recalling those words I had read not long since from the published diary of the late Thomas Carlyle:—"Charles Lamb and his sister came daily once, or oftener. . . . He was the leanest of mankind; tiny black breeches buttoned to the knee-cap, and no further; surmounting spindle legs, also in black; face and head fineish, black, bony, lean, and of a Jew type rather; in the eyes a kind of smoky brightness or confused sharpness; spoke with a stutter; in walking tottered and shuffled. Emblem of imbecility bodily and spiritual." Stuttered, tottered, and shuffled. Doubtless!

Emblem of imbecility. Surely not! I deem that everyone who reads the "Essays of Elia," so full of keen insight into the subtle picturesqueness of everyday life and crowded as they are with such a wealth of revealing, though unobtrusive thoughts, closes the book, with blessings on the memory of the writer; and every schoolboy gladly embraces the welcome tuition of one, but for whose pen the works of William Shakespeare might for ever have been sealed to him.

The name of Charles Lamb occupies a prominent place in the list of

> "... those immortal dead who still live on,
> In minds made better by their presence."

His works will last as long as the English tongue endures, and his genial influence will be felt long after the arrant nonsense which emanates from the pens of many of the pseudo-writers of the present day has departed into the murky darkness whence it came.

While he lived his friends were many, and when he died their loved names were the last words on his lips; but since his departure many thousands more have learned to cherish and

honour his name for the good work he left behind. His was a life of noble deeds as well, and yet withal a life so simply lived, so far outside the ordinary world that the wonder is so fine a picture of it has been preserved.

While thus we mused beside Lamb's lowly grave the scent of violets was wafted thither from a bank close by, and from a neighbouring tree top a little bird carolled forth its song under the influence of the genial sunshine. But our reverie at length was broken, and reluctantly we turned away to centre our attention on other things.

On wending our way towards the church we observed that it was being opened to admit the funeral of a little child. As soon as the ceremony was over and the weeping father and mother had followed to its last resting-place the body of their darling baby, we gained admission to the sacred edifice. We had neither time nor inclination to stay long within its gloomy walls, the main object of our visit being to obtain a look at the memorial recently erected to the joint memories of Lamb and Cowper by the late Joshua W. Butterworth, F.S.A.

It occupies a good position at the west end of the north wall, and consists of two inscribed white marble panels, enshrined in a graceful freestone design, the arches of which are supported by veined marble pilasters. In the upper portion of each panel is carved a portrait in relief, the one on the right showing the head of Cowper, while on the left the features of Lamb are characteristically depicted.

The following are the inscriptions contained on the memorial:—

(*Left Panel.*)

In memory of

CHARLES LAMB

"The Gentle Elia" and author of
Tales from Shakespeare, etc.
Born in the Inner Temple 1775
educated at Christ's Hospital
died at Bay Cottage Edmonton 1834
and buried beside his sister Mary
in the adjoining churchyard.

"At the centre of his being lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified
O, he was good if e'er a good man lived!"

WORDSWORTH.

(*Right Panel.*)

In memory of
WILLIAM COWPER, THE POET
Born in Berkhampstead 1731
Died and buried at East Dereham 1800.
He was the author of
The Diverting History of "John Gilpin."

"John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto "the Bell" at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair, etc."

(*Along base of design.*)

This monument to commemorate the visit of the London and Middlesex Archæological Association/ to Edmonton church and parish on the 26th July 1888/ was erected by the President of the Meeting Joshua W. Butterworth, F.S.A./

Passing from the churchyard we retraced our steps as far as the station, which abuts on the main road to London. Here a somewhat

familiar looking finger-post greeted our eyes, suggesting to our minds the possibility of the owner of a certain horse having his house

"Full ten miles off at Ware."

Ride on, John Gilpin, and while you go there, doubtless this time quite willingly, we shall trudge gently on in the opposite direction, which we hope will speedily bring us

"Unto the Bell at Edmonton."

After a walk of about a mile we reached this "ancient hostelry"—now, alas, ancient in name only, for every vestige of the inn of Gilpin's time has lately disappeared, and a hotel of the nineteenth century has usurped its place.

There is evidently nothing now remaining which will recall the time when good Mistress Gilpin waited here so patiently while her husband rode his ever memorable race.

We learn the lesson that days gone by cannot, in their reality, be restored, and that we must at all times people our past outside the pale of modern innovations.

A few comfortable old inns still stand beside the London roads, but as the years roll on

these ancient land-marks disappear and new and spacious buildings take their place. Each step we take towards the turmoil of that city, the interests of whose rushing crowds are vested entirely in the present, brings with it more effacement of the memories of the past. The hand of demolition sweeps along with mighty force. The records of past noble deeds are day by day forgotten. Onward is the cry, and progress must be made. How true is this; and yet each one in doing duty unto God and fellow-men surely can find a space of time wherein to step aside and linger for reflection by the graves of those who fell so nobly in the fight long years ago.

Chiswick.

By John T. Page.

"If Genius fire thee, Reader, stay
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here."

Garrick.

LONDON, like an octopus, stretches out her long absorbing arms in all directions, and gradually obliterates all traces of peaceful homesteads and quiet villages from her immediate vicinity.

Only a few years ago a short country walk separated the villages of Kew and Chiswick, but they are now inseparably united to the great metropolis and to each other by a firmly constructed isthmus of bricks and mortar.

On the occasion of my visit to Chiswick I travelled by the North London Railway to Kew Bridge station, whence a walk of about a mile and a half in the direction of London brought me to the celebrated Duke's Avenue. This fine

avenue leads up to the main entrance of Chiswick House, one of the country seats of the Duke of Devonshire, famous for its architectural beauties, and as being the retreat where, in turn, Charles James Fox and George Canning lay down to die. The avenue being freely used by the public as forming a junction between two roads, I willingly availed myself of its welcome shade.

The decided change from the glare of the London road proved very refreshing. Scarcely a sun's ray penetrated through the thickly clustering leaves, and the unusual coolness was, for a time, most acceptable. Turning to the left at the bottom of the avenue, in a few minutes I stood before the house in which William Hogarth passed the latter part of his eventful life. I obtained a good view of the structure through an old gateway opening on the street, the lintels of which were surmounted by two urns. I noted with regret that decay and ruin marked its every feature, and could not help thinking that the curious square bay window let out of the first floor over the doorway would not long remain in position unless some kind hand speedily came to the rescue.

In the garden attached to the house was still standing Hogarth's mulberry tree. It had lost some of its beauty, being of a great age, but was held together by iron bands, said to have been put up during the lifetime of the artist, after it had nearly been destroyed by lightning. Each year, on a certain day, it was his delight to invite the village children into his garden to partake of the fruit of this tree.

The garden and outhouses have been greatly altered since Hogarth's time. The stables, above which was a room he sometimes used as a studio, fell down long ago. His "churchyard," too, where he used to bury favourite animals and birds, formed in a corner of the garden, and the monument therein erected to the memory of a bullfinch, and inscribed by himself with the words:—

"Alass, poor Dick, 1760, aged 11,"

have all been swept away.

The place was untidy, but I observed a good quantity of flowers blooming, and pinned to the mulberry tree was a slip of paper advertising the fact that bouquets could be obtained here.

It is about five minutes' walk from "Hogarth House" to Chiswick parish church, which lies

near the river, and is gained after passing through a series of narrow streets.

On arriving there I soon discovered Hogarth's monument in the graveyard on the south side of the church. It was erected in 1771, seven years after his death, and is a tall piece of masonry crowned with a funeral urn. Beneath this, on the side facing the church, are carved in low relief a mask, maul-stick, palette and brushes, a laurel wreath and an open book bearing the title of his famous "Analysis of Beauty." On the same side on a small block of Aberdeen granite at the foot of the memorial is recorded the fact that it was

Restored by
WILLIAM HOGARTH,
of Aberdeen,
in 1856.

It has well stood the "storm and stress" since then, but is now beginning to show signs of the need of another restoration, for, on the east side, over the inscription, the combined armorial bearings of Hogarth and his wife are as nearly as possible obliterated.

The inscriptions are as follows:—

(*N. Side.*)

Farewell great Painter of mankind!
Who reach'd the noblest point of Art,
Whose *pictur'd Morals* charm the Mind,
And through the Eye correct the Heart.

If *Genius* fire thee, Reader, stay;
If *Nature* touch thee, drop a Tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For HOGARTH'S honour'd dust lies here.

D. GARRICK.

(*E. Side.*)

Here lieth the body
of WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQR.,
who died October the 26th 1764
aged 67 years
MRS. JANE HOGARTH
wife of William Hogarth Esqr.
Obit. the 13th of November 1789
Ætat 80 years

(*W. Side.*)

Here lieth the Body
of MRS. ANNE HOGARTH Sister
to WILLIAM HOGARTH ESQR.
She died August the 13th 1771;
aged 70 years
Also the Body of
MARY LEWIS Spinster
died 25th March 1808
Aged 88 years

(*S. Side.*)
Here lieth the Body
of DAME JUDITH THORNHILL
Relict of SR JAMES THORNHILL KNIGHT
of Thornhill in the County of Dorset
She died November the 12th 1757
aged 84 years.

The lapse of one hundred and thirty years has not served to dim the ardour with which the works of William Hogarth are cherished by the English nation. His "Harlot's Progress" not only served to reconcile his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, to the runaway match the plebeian Hogarth had contracted three years before with his daughter, but it is still looked upon as his *chef d'œuvre* by many eminent critics; and there is nearly always to be seen a crowd round his "Marriage a la Mode" in the National Gallery. The virulent contest with Wilkes and Churchill, with which his last days were embittered, has long ago been forgotten, and the name of William Hogarth still lives and will be popular for all time through his admired series of paintings and engravings, which are prized and hoarded with an ever-increasing love by their happy possessors.

Passing into the centre of the burial-ground I paused before Marochetti's cenotaph to the memory of the Italian poet and patriot, Ugo Foscolo, who, after suffering much in his latter days from disease and penury, died of dropsy at the age of 50, on September the 10th, 1827. His body reposed here for some time in peace, but in 1871 the Italian nation begged his remains, and the ensuing words were carved on the memorial:—

(*E. Side.*)

UGO FOSCOLO
Died
September 10th
1827
aged 50

(*N. Side.*)

This spot where for four years
the relics of
UGO FOSCOLO
reposed in honoured custody
will be for ever held in grateful remembrance
by the Italian nation

Accingar zona
fortitudinis

(*S. Side.*)

From the sacred guardianship of Chiswick
to the honours of Santa Croce in Florence
the Government and people of Italy
have transported the remains of
the wearied citizen poet
7th June 1871

When Garibaldi was in England he came on a pilgrimage to Foscolo's tomb one morning at an early hour when most of the good people of Chiswick were still in bed.

Near the railings on the north side of the churchyard stands a tall square structure resembling a sentry box, and on the front is inscribed a fulsome epitaph to that somewhat noted landscape painter, Philip de Loutherbourg. He came to England from France in 1771, and was first employed by Garrick as a scene-painter. In 1782 he produced his "Eidophusikon," or Representation of Nature, and was subsequently elected one of the Council of the Royal Academy. The inscription can easily be read through the railings from the road, and is doubtless often amusingly scanned by passers-by. It runs as follows :—

This monument
is dedicated to the Memory of
PHILIP JAMES DE LOUTHERBOURG ESQ., R.A.
who was born at Strasbourg in
Alsace November 1. 1740; was elected a
member of the Royal Academy, London
November 28. 1781, and departed
this life at Hammersmith Terrace
March 11, 1812, aged 72 years.
With talents brilliant and super-eminent
As an Artist
He united the still more enviable endowments
Of a cultivated, enlarged and elegant Mind
Adding to both those superior qualities of the Heart
Which entitled him
As a Man and as a Christian
To the cordial respect of the Wise and Good.
In him
Science was associated with Faith
Piety with Liberality
Virtue with Suavity of Manners
And the rational use of this World
With the ennobling Hope of the World to come.
A deathless fame will record his professional excellence;
But to the hand of Friendship belongs the office
Of strewing on his tomb those moral flowers
Which displayed themselves in his Life
And which rendered him estimable
As a Social Being.
Here LOUTHERBOURG repose thy laurel'd head!
While Art is cherished thou canst ne'er be dead;
SALVATOR, POUSSIN, CLAUDE, thy skill combines,
And beauteous Nature lives in thy designs.

C.L.M.

On the east side of the memorial the following words have since been added :—

Here also
are deposited the remains of
his widow
LUCY DE LOUTHERBOURG
who closed a long life of
active benevolence and utility
with the resignation, fortitude
and hopes of a Christian
on the 20th of September 1828,
in the 83rd Year of her Age

Also
the Remains of
WILLIAM PHILIP JAMES LODDER
formerly Captain in the 6th Foot
Born 3rd of July 1779;
Died the 31st of January 1867;
in his 88th year.

Close by this ostentatious tomb a simple head-stone marks the last resting-place of William Sharp, the engraver, whose works are still held in high estimation. His principal object in life was to excel in his art, and here he held his own, but in other respects he was noted as a most vacillating man, and became in turn a follower of Mesmer, Swedenborg, Brothers, and Joanna Southcott.

The following short inscription forms his epitaph :—

To
the memory
of
WILLIAM SHARP ESQRE.
Historical Engraver,
Member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna
And of the Royal Academy of Munich
Died July 25th 1824
Aged 74 years.

As only about a quarter of the space on the stone is taken up with this inscription, his merits might easily be enlarged upon by an enlightened posterity.

An altar tomb which, like Loutherbourg's, can be seen from the road, covers the remains of George, first Earl of Macartney, who about a hundred years ago served his country well in many ways, being in succession Envoy to Russia, Secretary to the Viceroy of Ireland, Captain-General of the Caribbee Islands, and Governor of Madras. In 1792 he was sent as Ambassador to China, on his return was created an Earl, and in 1797 was appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

I could, however, barely make out the date of his death (31st March, 1806) from the stone.

The rest of his epitaph was too much hidden by luxuriant nettles and other wild plants which flourished here unheeded.

In the south-east corner of the churchyard is the grave of Dr Rose, one of the earliest writers in the *Monthly Review*. The stone is so hemmed in on all sides by others that I could only get near enough to copy the first seven lines of the epitaph. The rest I have since obtained from *The Ambulator* (1800).

WILLIAM ROSE, LL.D.

Whoe'er thou art with silent footsteps tread
The hallowed mould where ROSE reclines his head
Ah! Let not folly one kind tear deny
But pensive pause where Truth and Honour lie
His the gay wit that fond attention drew
Oft heard, and oft admired, yet ever new
The Heart that melted at another's grief,
The Hand in secret that bestow'd relief;
Science untinctured with the pride of schools,
And native goodness free from formal rules.
With zeal through life, he toil'd in Learning's cause,
But more, fair Virtue, to promote thy laws.
His every action sought the noblest end,
The tender husband, father, brother, friend,
Perhaps e'en now from yonder realms of day,
To his lov'd relatives he sends a ray;
Pleased to behold affections, like his own,
With filial duty raise this votive stone.

This epitaph was written by Murphy, the dramatist. I copied many more inscriptions into my note-book, but the exigencies of space compel me to withhold them here.

While I was craning my neck and contorting my body in order to copy Dr Rose's epitaph, a clap of thunder warned me that I had better at once take shelter in the church. So while the storm raged without I proceeded to copy a few of the inscriptions from the mural tablets which thickly cover the walls of the sacred edifice. Of these I shall only record that of Charles Holland, the actor, as being in some respects the most interesting. It is on the north wall of the tower, but is placed at much too high an altitude for its merits to be appreciated. The epitaph was written by Garrick, and is surmounted by a well-executed bust of Holland. It runs as follows :—

If Talents
to make entertainment instruction
to support the credit of the Stage
by just and manly Action
If to adorn Society
by Virtues
which would honour any Rank and Profession
deserve remembrance
Let Him with whom these Talents were long exerted

To whom these Virtues were well known
And by whom the loss of them will be long lamented
bear Testimony to the Worth and Abilities
of his departed Friend
CHARLES HOLLAND
who was born March 12, 1735
dy'd December 7, 1769
and was buried near this place
D. GARRICK

The last line of the epitaph is unfortunately not now the truth. When the church was restored the mural tablets were re-arranged, which is in many respects a great pity. This tablet was originally erected in the chancel, and therefore not many yards from the altar tomb on the south side of the church, beneath which the renowned actor sleeps.

All four sides of the tomb contain long inscriptions to other members of the family, but I shall only here produce the one on the south side :—

In a vault under this tomb
lyeth the body of
MR. CHARLES HOLLAND
late of Drury Lane Theatre
of whose character and abilities
David Garrick Esq. has given testimony
on a monument erected to his memory
in the chancel of this church, by permission
of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire

In the crypt, beneath the church, lies the dust of two of Cromwell's daughters, Lady Fauconberg and Mrs Rich. The remains of "my Lady Castlemaine," otherwise Barbara Palmer, whose beauties Samuel Pepys so often eulogises in his celebrated diary, also found sanctuary here, and the body of the illustrious painter-architect, William Kent, reposes in the vault of his friend and patron, the Earl of Burlington.

On turning to leave the place I was arrested for a few moments by the inscription on an altar tomb outside the church tower to the memory of J. A. Thompson, "a promising youth," who died at the age of 18. This epitaph was also written by Arthur Murphy, the dramatist, so I copied it as follows :—

If in the morn of life each winning grace,
The converse sweet, the mind-illumined face,
The lively wit that charm'd with early art,
And mild affections streaming from the heart;
If these, lov'd youth, could check the hand of fate,
Thy matchless worth had claimed a longer date,
But thou art blest, while here we heave the sigh;
Thy death is virtue wafted to the sky.
Yet still thy image fond affection keeps,
The sire remembers, and the mother weeps;
Still the friend grieves, who saw thy vernal bloom,
And here, sad task! inscribes it on thy tomb.

I think it would be hard to find a burial-place outside London and of such small dimensions so full of interest. I had spent about a couple of hours reading and copying down the various inscriptions, and in that time had walked over the whole of the ground allotted to the reception of the dead, including a new piece lately added, which contains only very recent graves. The distinguished names whose epitaphs I have recorded will for ever consecrate the place, and it will be a pity if vandalism is ever allowed a foothold here.

I could only hope that a conscientious pride in being the custodians of such illustrious ashes might always exist in the breasts of those in authority at Chiswick. With this hope in possession of my mind I passed once more into the street, and was soon wending my way back again to London.

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